

What Are You Doing For Peace?
Why Not Post the C.N. Abroad?
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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DOOM OR VICTORY AMONG THE FOSSILS? See Page Two

SIX BOYS WAKE UP FAMOUS

HOW THEY SAVED THE TRAIN

The Express With 500 Lives That Stopped in the Nick of Time

THEIR GREAT REWARD

There was one day last month a remarkable downpour of rain accompanied by terrifying thunderstorms in New York and New Jersey.

It was also remarkable in another sense, for the brave deed of six orphan boys who risked their lives to save 500 others who sped toward disaster in an express train running from New Jersey to Passaic on the Erie line.

The boys are Jacob Merlnizek, 15; John Murdock, 11; Douglas Fleming, 15; Rudolph Borsche, 14; Frank and Michael Mazzola, 13 and 11; and they all live at the Passaic Orphan Asylum, where they are under the kindly care of Matron Emily McCrea.

Risking Their Lives

On the evening in question five of the lads had their noses pressed to the window-pane watching the tremendous storm when one of their number came running in from outside to tell them of a great piece of earth which had been washed from beneath the railway lines, leaving only a skeleton structure. The 8.10 express was due any minute, and all the passengers were in danger if the engine-driver could not be warned. The watchman at the crossing near by had gone home for supper.

The boys rushed to Matron McCrea and asked her permission to go out and avert the danger. She knew they were risking their lives, but she also knew there was nothing else to be done, and that there is joy in a risk of that kind. She said Yes. Then quickly she telephoned the police and the two hospitals and warned them to stand by for disaster.

The lads raced up the track as fast as they could go. When they saw the train coming, they snatched off their mackintoshes and ran on, between the rails, waving furiously.

Within 50 Feet of Disaster

Luckily the driver, Frank McGlin, saw them in time and jammed on his brakes, but the train was going at such a speed that it could not come to a stop for a quarter of a mile, within fifty feet of the obstruction that would have meant death to all on board.

The driver was furious with the boys. He might so easily have killed the lot of them. He climbed down from his engine to give them a very strong piece of his mind. If that was their idea of adventure—Then he saw what was just ahead of him and entirely changed his tune.

When the excitement was over the boys went back to bed, and in the morning they woke to find themselves

The Day's Work Done



Tired after a day in the fields, these girls of the Farm Institute at Sparsholt, near Winchester, were glad of a ride home in the evening.

heroes. Press photographers kept the bell busy wanting to take their photographs. "Do you suppose our pictures will be in the papers?" they asked Matron excitedly as they went off to school. They were; and the result was that people began asking what they could do to reward the boys.

Matron knew that this group of friends were saving up their good-conduct pocket-money to buy baseball bats, but she would ask the lads themselves what was their dearest wish.

The boys thought and thought. They did not want to be greedy, and they knew these were hard times. Then they recollected that Babe Ruth, the famous baseball-player, was himself an orphan-age boy; perhaps he would remember the longings that such boys have and would arrange for them to go to one of his games sometime?

When this modest wish was communicated to Babe Ruth he said: "That's the biggest kick I ever got out of anything—those kids asking for me,

and I'll never forget them." Then he sent them a wire: "I am proud of your courage and feel very happy that you thought of me. The same courage will help you to make good in life. I will try to hit an extra home run for you this summer and will have you as my guests at the Yankee Stadium when I return from this trip."

This wire has made history at the Passaic Orphanage.

Then the Mayor of Passaic proposed to the City Council that medals should be struck for the young-heroes, to be presented to them at a big public dinner; and someone else thought of a college fund for them. But the boys saw no reason for all this. Rudolph explained that it was really quite simple. "We just started and ran down the track and waved our raincoats and the train stopped," sums up the entire occurrence as far as he is concerned.

But, of course, it will be wonderful to be guests of the great Babe Ruth at a baseball game!

THE LAST ON EARTH

NO MORE HEATH HENS

American Bird Which is Believed To Be Extinct

VAIN SEARCH FOR A MATE

Although all the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty together again nobody minded much, for there were scores more eggs to be had in the market.

But something much more tragic has happened in real life. Five years ago it seemed there must be only one heath hen left on Martha's Island, Massachusetts. If so it was probably the last on Earth of a once abundant species known as *Tympanuchus cupido*. Any eggs laid by this hen would have been more precious than gold, for they would have been the means of handing on to posterity a living relic of the past.

After searching far and wide to find a-mate for her some men of science concluded that there could not be another heath hen on the island, and they decided to capture the lone bird so that she might be mated with the nearest relative of her race, the prairie chicken. Thus the race would be perpetuated in some degree.

Hiding-Place Never Found

But she was an elusive hen, and, though observers watched her wanderings through the windswept scrub, they were never able to catch her. Last year she was seen at regular intervals, between February 9 and March 11 at the traditional "booming" or courting field of the heath hen. Then she disappeared and her hiding-place was never found.

Not a sign of her has been seen since and it is believed that she is dead. In spite of all the cleverest humans could do the heath hen never laid an egg to carry on the species, and so another name will probably have to be added to the sad list of extinct game birds, among which are the great auk, labrador duck, Eskimo curlew, and passenger pigeon.

Professor A. O. Gross, who has just finished making a long survey of the island, says in his report that this tragedy was foreseen many years ago; but in spite of all that man could do it was not averted, thus demonstrating how helpless we are to preserve any wild species when it has no longer a suitable environment.

Fortunately the bird was marked about two years ago with two metal bands so that it can be easily identified. A reward has been offered to anyone finding the body.

LAST YEAR'S STRIKES

There were few labour disputes last year apart from those in the coal and cotton trades.

Of 389 disputes involving 382,000 workers, as many as 346,900 workers were either miners or cotton workers.

The number of working days lost in disputes was over six millions.

THE EISTEDDFOD NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF WALES

The Spirit of Peace and Goodwill
That Must Conquer

60,000 CHILDREN HAPPY

Caerphilly, a town five miles north of Cardiff, is celebrated for its medieval castle, which traces its origin to pre-Roman days.

Symbol of stability and age, as well as of war, hatred, and crime, this castle has opposite to it a new building capable of seating 15,000 people. There gathered on four days during the last week of May no fewer than 60,000 children from all parts of Wales. To be there they had travelled by night and day, and Welsh hospitality had made it possible to remain there overnight. The old castle and the new pavilion were contrasts in everything. The old castle was War—the new pavilion was Peace; the old was Division—the new was Unity.

Songs of Their Own Land

On one day 30,000 Urdd children marched past. All were dressed alike, in green and red; all spoke Welsh, the language of their country; all sang the song of their group; all cheered. This is the new movement that has taken the place of the Band of Hope, the Young People's Society, and Sports Clubs, for it is a Welsh movement which is Christian, literary, temperance, and athletic. What is called the Urdd encourages all the children of Wales to make things (to be craftsmen), to sing the songs of their own land, to read their own Welsh books, to be truthful and sober, to play Welsh games and play them while speaking Welsh.

On four days there was an Eisteddfod Olympic, a craft exhibition, for these children, and the best children of Wales were there. Last autumn hundreds of local Eisteddfods held competitions. The winners competed at district Eisteddfods, and the winners at these competed at county Eisteddfods. The winners of these came to Caerphilly.

It is immaterial whether the paintings were as good as those of English children, or that the races produced records or not, or even whether the folk-songs were better than those of Continental children. These boys and girls know that Wales has a culture and that by remembering the best in bygone Welsh life, and using it, they will help Wales to help other nations.

Village Branches

Throughout the principality in remote villages there are branches of Urdd Gobaith Cymru. For the first time the children are being trained to be as one. As they marched by, following a banner which bore the name and motto of their branch, one could hear the local village Welsh being spoken. They sang a folk-song. But when they all sang together it was a hymn that bound them all. The village offers its best, but the Urdd has something more than the village to offer the world.

Supposing one of the Welsh princes or a Norman baron had watched the proceedings from his watch-tower, at Caerphilly Castle, what would he have thought? When he lived Wales was torn asunder by feuds and quarrels. Now Wales is learning to be one. The pavilion will be taken down, the castle will remain, but the Urdd principles will remain longest of all, for they are winning the children.

YOUTH GOING TO WASTE

This year there are 200,000 unemployed boys simply going to waste, and it has been computed that by 1937 the number will have risen to 600,000. You can imagine the lads standing idle, ready to fall into the ways of crime, vice, and Communism. The Chief Scout

Will Civilisation Perish Among the Fossils?

Or Will Mankind Be Saved?

THE nations of the world meet in London on Monday to try to save us all from the effects of the political madness which has brought mankind to the verge of ruin. The whole world is looking to the Conference for action.

Again and again the League of Nations has warned the Governments of what would happen and of what must be done to get the world straight. Again and again the politicians have rejected the League's advice, and have set up new barriers between nations, choking the channels of trade, preventing the circulation of gold, and throwing 30 million people idle.

At last the nations meet round a table to seek a way out, and once more the League has issued its warning.

This time the Governments must listen or civilisation must crash.

All over the world the political crisis exists. It is not a real crisis. There is not a shortage of anything except common sense. There is abundance for all, enough and to spare.

Three things only can save the world: Free Trade, Disarmament, and the Abolition of War Debts.

The World Conference is to deal with the first of these three things and the League has set out the programme for it. We give the points from this programme below, first the Problem then the Solution. The duty of facing the facts and carrying out this programme now rests on the 66 nations sitting round a table in the new Geological Museum at Kensington.

If they fail the Geological Museum will be a splendid grave for them; if they succeed they will give new life to all mankind.

The Problem

As it is stated in the Agenda drawn up by the League.

Unemployment involves 30 million workers. The burden of suffering is appalling.

Commodity prices have declined by roughly a third; raw material prices by half. As a result of falling prices national incomes have fallen by more than 40 per cent. The revenues of Governments have fallen while their expenditures remain.

Three years of dislocation have built up a vast network of restraints on business. Business enterprise and individual initiative are throttled. These measures have developed into a state of warfare, which must be ended.

The necessary programme is one of Economic Disarmament. In the movement toward Economic Reconciliation the Armistice was signed at Lausanne; the London Conference must draft the Treaty of Peace.

Failure in this critical undertaking would shake the whole system of international finance, standards of living would be lowered, the social system as we know it could hardly survive.

These developments would be the result, not of any natural law, but of the failure of human will and intelligence.

The Solution

As it is suggested in the Draft Agenda to the Conference.

The policy of nibbling will not solve the crisis; there must be concerted action along the whole front.

1. There must be an effective world money standard which will insure a greater stability of price levels in the future.

2. There must be an increase in the level of world prices. This would be the first sign of recovery. Such a rise in prices can only be maintained by the restoration of confidence.

3. The abolition of restrictions on world trade is essential. Governments must take measures to secure the stability of their budgets and their economic systems. Confidence must be restored in the foreign lending markets. Resources at present lying idle must be put in circulation.

4. There must be greater freedom of international trade. Every country now seeks to sell but not to buy. Such a policy inevitably leads to paralysis. Every effort should be made to set trade free and get rid of the prohibitions and quotas imposed during the crisis. The policy of Governments is clear and inescapable.

That is the case of the League of Nations. It remains to be seen whether it will be Doom or Dawn among the fossils.

NO NEUTRALS IN WAR

AMERICA'S DECISION

A Change of Profound
Importance in World Affairs

FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

The decision of the United States to recognise that there is no neutrality in an aggressive war is of the utmost importance to the world.

It follows from this that, in case of any nation attacking another, the United States will not supply munitions or food to such a nation. It was America's insistence on this right which brought us to the verge of a very grave crisis in the war. The new declaration means that if the League denounces as the aggressor any nation concerned in the breach of peace America, provided that in her independent judgment she agrees to this decision, will refrain from any action which would tend to defeat the collective effort the States might have agreed upon.

A Thing of the Past

This important statement was made when the conference was discussing the articles on Security in the British Disarmament Plan, and it was added that America would not protect its citizens in any activities hostile to the peace efforts of the nations.

Both these statements mean that America has decided to forgo her rights as a neutral in certain circumstances of war. For instance, she would not supply arms to the Power who had been declared the aggressor, nor would she claim the right to send food to a country against which the indicting nations had established a blockade.

The attitude Mr Roosevelt has taken in this matter means that both parties in America are agreed in the attitude America should take on the outbreak of an aggressive war, for it will be remembered that after the signature of the Pact of Paris (the Kellogg Pact) Mr Stimson, the Republican Secretary of State, said that the Pact, by calling war a crime, meant that neutrality was a thing of the past, for there can be no neutrality in crime.

President Wilson's Point

The doctrine of no neutrality in war affects this country very closely, as it touches the Freedom of the Seas which we have maintained in the past, and which caused us grave concern when President Wilson raised it in the second of his 14 points. Very interesting reading it makes today:

Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas alike in peace and in war, except as the seas may be closed in whole or in part by international action for the enforcement of international covenants.

President Wilson went too far for his own and other nations, but we are glad that it is his nation that is leading the world back to the position he foresaw to be inevitable if peace was to prevail.

THINGS SAID

History repeats itself and nobody will listen. Professor Gilbert Murray

Nowhere is food served better, cheaper, or in greater variety than in London.

Lord Greenwood

There was never a better crop of young people in existence than today.

Sir Ernest Benn

A box measuring half a mile each way could contain all the people in the world.

Hendrik Willem van Loon

I find the boys of today better informed, equally high-principled, just as hard-working as before.

Headmaster of Gresham's School, Holt

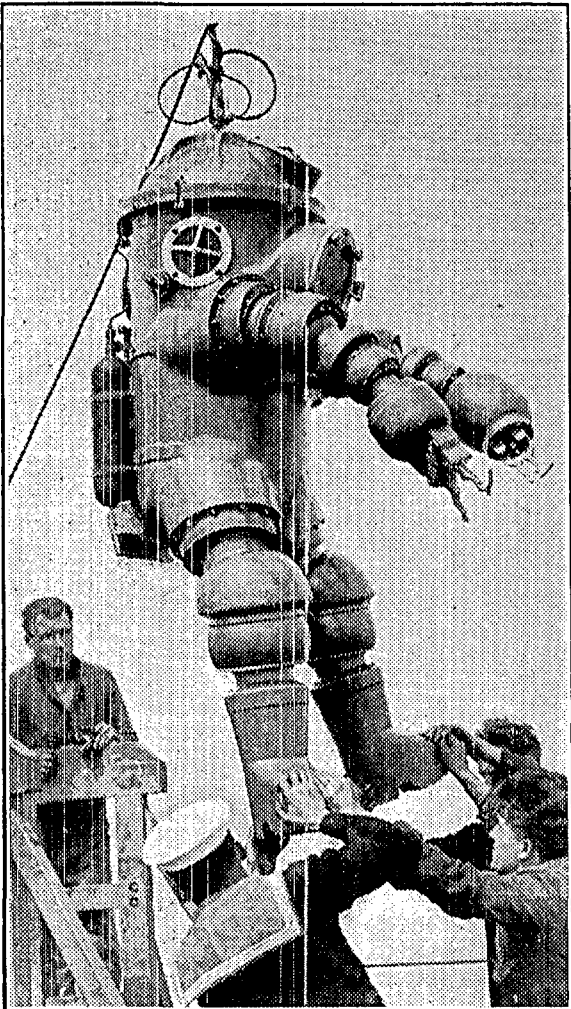
I hope the historical verdict may still be that Hitlerism was the necessary shock to bring the world to its senses.

Mr J. A. Spender

NEW DIVING DRESS · STREAMLINED FUNNEL · ADVENTUROUS DUCKLINGS



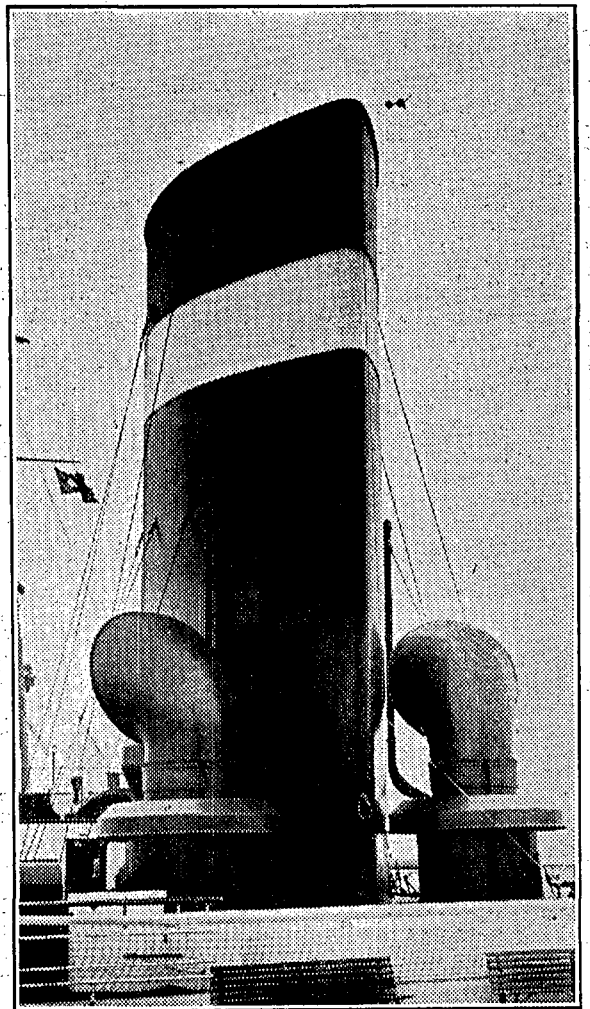
On the Lancashire Coast—These early holiday-makers at Blackpool are evidently enjoying their bathe, though the sea is still too cold for most people.



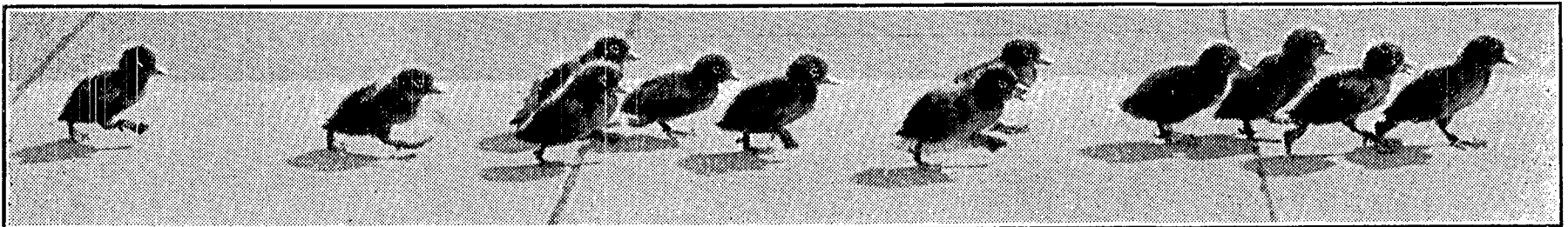
A Suit of Steel—The new diving-dress shown in this picture has been tested off Portsmouth. It enables diving to be carried on at much greater depths than have been possible hitherto.



With Bow and Arrow—Here is a competitor in an archery meeting at Barnes. Followers of this graceful sport like to call themselves toxophilites.



Streamlined Funnel—The new American liner Washington has streamlined funnels which help to reduce the vessel's wind-resistance. We show one of them in our picture.



Follow-My-Leader—The spirit of adventure prompted these ducklings to see the world, so they left the lake in St James's Park and went for a little tour along a path.

THE UGLY BECOMES BEAUTIFUL

Girl Guides Plant a Garden

For years the Black Gate, Newcastle's entrance from the south, was a Black Gate indeed, a desolate rubbish heap and a disgrace to the city.

But now, beside the Norman keep of the old castle that gave Newcastle its name, is a charming garden, with seats on the grass, flowers in the beds, and flowering shrubs along the borders.

It is a transformation scene worked by Newcastle's Girl Guides, to celebrate their coming of age; and, having done this to the south side of the Black Gate, they are now attacking the weeds and rubbish to the north.

Children in the neighbourhood, who have never before seen a flower growing in the grass, have now a garden of their own to play in.

Newcastle is begging its people to do nothing to spoil this garden, and is even turning its attention to other bad patches, wondering if it could itself attempt a similar Good Deed.

What an example this all is to Sidcup in Kent, where we heard a little time ago that even the police cannot protect the Girl Guide headquarters from the hooligans.

100 YEARS FAIR

The Great Chicago Exhibition

There has opened in Chicago what must surely be a unique exhibition, for, though business rivals are exhibiting their respective products, it is not to show that one is better than the other, but purely to demonstrate the progress of mankind during 100 years.

So wonderful in every way is this Century of Progress Fair that hundreds of thousands paid for admission simply to see it under construction; and this was indeed an education in itself, for some of the buildings are of very original design, and the exhibits are nothing if not remarkable.

The centrepiece of the exhibition, the Hall of Science, is a spacious and impressive structure set on the edge of a lagoon opening on Lake Michigan. From the lofty tower of this building a sweet-toned carillon sounds the hours.

The Travel and Transport building, which is something like 200 yards long, is another remarkable structure. In this is to be exhibited some of the most wonderful things in the whole show, including the British train, the Royal Scot, representative of the high efficiency of our railway services, which has just finished a tour of the United States.

Another extremely interesting exhibit will be a completely equipped automobile assembly plant by which the story of motor-car manufacturing will be told from start to finish.

THE MEANEST MOTORISTS ON EARTH

There was a road smash, and injured people were carried to the King Edward Hospital, Windsor.

Their treatment cost the hospital nearly £500. The hospital did not receive one penny from them.

Mr Richard Bentley, vice-chairman of the hospital, revealed these things at the annual meeting the other day.

The people of Windsor subscribe to their local hospital, but are crowded out of it by injured motorists from far away who seldom pay.

MORE CARS

Despite the depression of trade the number of new motor vehicles registered in March this year was 3000 more than in the same month last year.

This seems to point to some revival in confidence. The increase in registration of goods vehicles was about 500. The chief increase was in pleasure motor-cars.

15 ICEBERGS COME NEAR

115 Days On a Grain Ship

The other day there arrived in Falmouth a grain-laden ship with one unusual thing about her.

Most windjammers carry a crew of men, but on the Herzogin Cecilie one of the sailors is a woman.

She really is a sailor, and not a passenger. The Baroness Eva Gyllinstierna can steer and take bearings by the Sun and stars, and understands the use of nautical instruments like a true navigator. She can do all the ordinary work of a sailor on a sailing ship as well.

She has always loved the sea, but this is the first time she has made the round trip in a grain ship. She joined the barque at Copenhagen, waited while the cargo was unloaded in Australia and 5000 tons of grain were taken aboard, and is now on her way back to Copenhagen in the windjammer.

The Herzogin Cecilie took 115 days over the passage from Australia to England, and there was only one awe-inspiring moment, and that was when fifteen huge icebergs came very near to the barque.

LET THE WHEELS GO ROUND

An Idea For Your Old Bicycle

Has anyone an old bicycle stowed away in a garage or an outhouse?

To many workless men and women this means of getting about at little cost would make all the difference in searching for work or in being able to accept a post.

The cheapest transport is the bicycle, and the Cyclists Touring Club is collecting unwanted bicycles and distributing them among the most deserving cases.

Making the wheels go round of these disused machines would help to make the world go round, for the bicycles would be the means of bringing happiness to many families. Offers, giving the size of the machine, should be made on a postcard and sent to G. Herbert Stancer, Cyclists Touring Club, 3, Craven Hill, London, W.2, who will make arrangements to collect them or send addresses of local deserving people.

THE BACKYARDS OF BETHNAL GREEN

The Bethnal Green Men's Institute has opened an exhibition of the work of its members, and everyone concerned may be proud of what has been achieved in 13 years.

It began in a small school in a back street; now it is a very big affair, with an enormous membership of men between 18 and 70. The members may learn almost anything, from music to rabbit keeping. There are two orchestras, two silver bands, and a men's choir, on the one hand. On the other, the backyards of Bethnal Green produced 200,000 eggs last year, and sold £2000 worth of rabbit fur.

This venture by the L.C.C. has borne splendid fruit and been one of the great factors in making it possible for a man to grow to his full mental height in the streets of East London.

ROMAN TOMMY

Some curious objects were found by forestry workers on the old bowling green of Gwydyr Chapel, Llanrwst, Denbighshire, not long ago.

They appeared to be quoits, and were submitted to antiquaries, who have just said that they are discs used in exercising by Roman soldiers.

Just as Tommy takes his football all over the world with him so the Roman Tommy took his games.

THE DOG'S CHARTER

And a Present For Mr Johns

A few weeks ago we told of a man who had been convicted six times of cruelty to a dog, and we urged that he should have his licence taken away.

We did not realise how soon this idea was to become law, but the Protection of Animals Act, just passed, gives magistrates power to take away dog licences like car licences, and a man convicted of cruelty may be disqualified from keeping a dog for any period the court thinks fit.

That is as it should be, and we are glad that 83-year-old Lord Banbury has had the pleasure of seeing made law something for which he has fought a long time. Twice he has tried to pass a similar Bill through the House of Lords; but it was Sir Robert Gower, Chairman of the Canine Defence League, who fathered the successful Bill, and it became law on the very day that Mr Charles R. Johns was celebrating his 25th year as the League's Secretary. His excellent and enthusiastic work is well known, and we feel sure that no anniversary present could have pleased him better than this Act.

STAINLESS STEEL

Why Does It Progress So Slowly?

It is stated that one of the British manufacturers of aeroplanes is successfully employing stainless steel in their construction.

The great advantage of the material, of course, is the avoidance of corrosion, against which is to be placed the disadvantage of increased cost. In the case of seaplanes the reform appears to be particularly important.

The slow progress of stainless steel is somewhat remarkable when its many great advantages are considered. We have not yet heard of rustless iron or stainless steel window-frames, although it is well known that corrosion attacks these very quickly and seriously.

SHEFFIELD IN THE GOLDEN BOOK

Sheffield has much to be proud of, and now it has more, for it is the first city in the world to have its name in the Golden Book of the Jews.

In this book are written the names of all who have done great service or honour to the Jewish nation, and for a Jew to have his name on its pages is equivalent to our knighthood.

Einstein is here, and there is an entry recording Parliament's ratification of the Palestine Mandate in 1922. And now Sheffield is here, for, as the originator of the idea says, *Sheffield has made the Jews more happy than anywhere else.* The city has been true as its own steel to the Jews, and always treated them fairly.

If countries were entered in this Golden Book we might see the sad sight of Germany's name crossed out above that of Sheffield.

WORK TO DO

The Director of Agriculture in Brazil states that there is work on its farms and fields for people from Europe and other parts of the world.

Japan is already taking advantage of this good news and, by permission of the Brazilian Government, is sending over 25,000 workers during this year, the Japanese Government aiding their passage by a subsidy.

SANCTUARY

When a bird's nest with six eggs was found in a truck of coal in the Welsh Gellyceidrim Colliery sidings the management ordered the truck to be detached from the consignment about to leave the sidings and left there till the young birds had flown.

A WOMAN SETTLES IT

A Wash-Tub in Court

JUDGE CALLS FOR SOAP AND WATER

Strange tales are told and sometimes strange things are seen from time to time in our Courts of Justice.

And there is now one judge at least who will not ask: *What is a wash-tub?* for he had one brought under his very nose and the washing done there and then.

It was at Manchester Assizes, where certain table-cloths were on trial, one learned lawyer pleading that their dyes were fast, another denying all he said, as lawyers will; and as Mr Justice Goddard listened to them he cried out aloud for a sensible woman to come and wash the table-cloths with ordinary soap and hot water and settle the case.

So Mrs Boliver, the wife of the Court Steward, did the washing in front of the judge; and as this was a question of fact and not of law the learned counsel could only stand and watch.

We see no reason why this type of justice should stop at the wash-tub. It is as practical as Solomon's, as effective, and cheaper than mere lawyer's justice.

SERIOUS FALL OF POPULATION

The Whole Country Will Decline

We have already pointed out that the population of the country as a whole is only sustained by the presence of middle-aged and elderly persons born many years ago, and that the population is in actual decline because the number of children is greatly falling.

In Wales actual decline is now appearing, following the decline in Scotland. Eight Welsh counties showed a fall at the last census. Figures from Monmouthshire just published show that there was a decrease of nearly 16,000 in the ten years up to 1931 as compared with an increase of 55,000 in the previous ten years.

It is a fact very hard to realise, but we are now rapidly making for a period in which the country as a whole will show an actual decline.

A POOR MAN'S PRIDE

Michael McHugh, a Scottish crofter, has just received £8000 from a friend he made in the war.

It was while he was in hospital, unable to speak and unable to hear, after being blown up by a German mine, that he made friends with this officer, who offered his help when Michael McHugh was discharged.

But this one-time miner was as proud as the proverbial Scotsman, and he preferred to work his way alone. In the end he was able to buy his own croft.

His friend has died, and this money is his now, whether he will or no; but the Noes have it, for Mr McHugh has decided to leave the £8000 intact for his 11-year-old daughter.

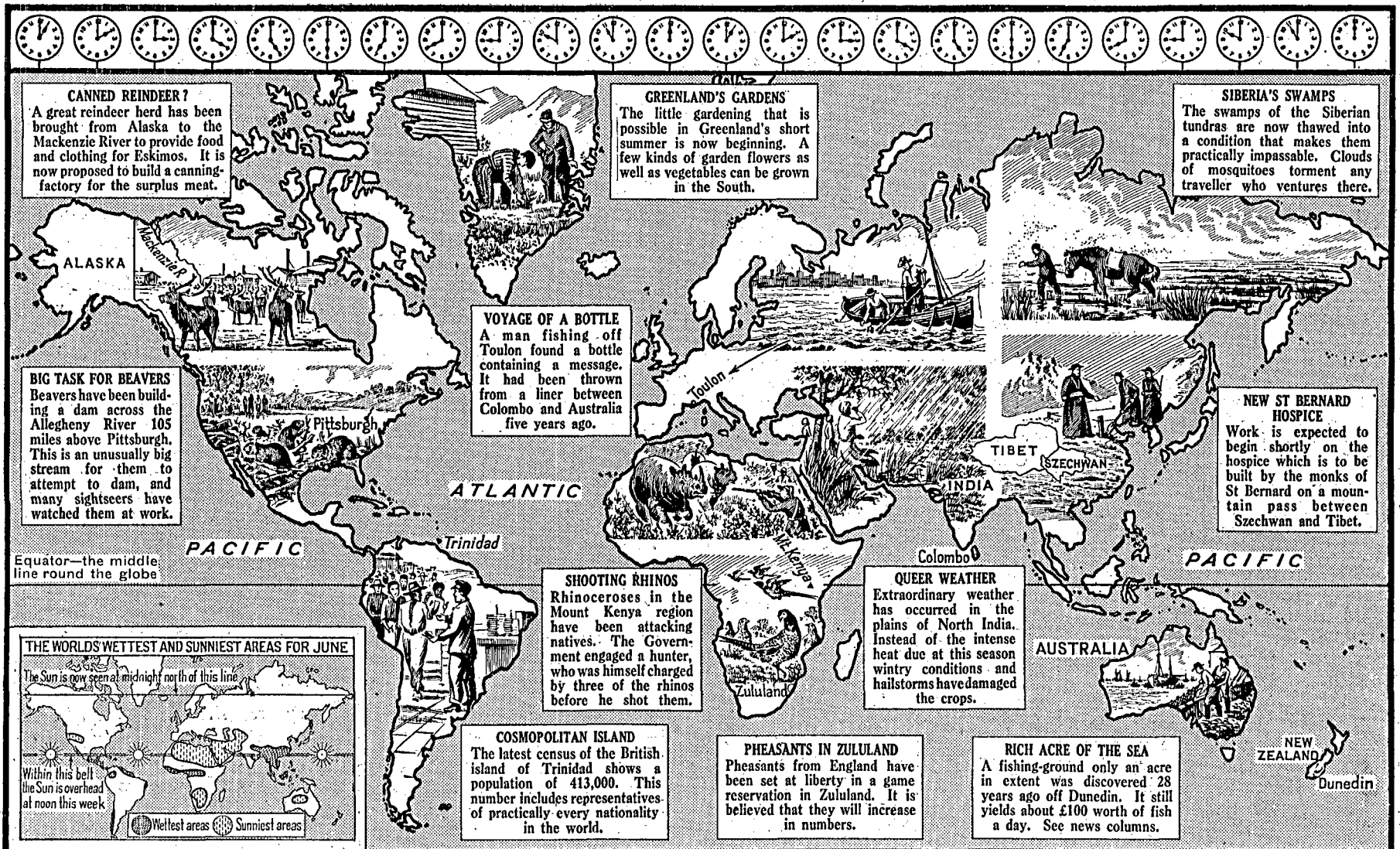
ANOTHER BATTLE WON

The Ross Institute at Putney has scored its biggest success during recent months in a tremendous fight against malaria in African mines.

Up to now mosquitoes have been responsible for a death-rate of 39 a 1000 in the copper mines of Northern Rhodesia; but in the Roan Antelope Mine Sir Malcolm Watson has reduced this to 17 a 1000, a triumph comparable to that of Surgeon-General Gorgas when the Panama Canal was being made.

Sir Malcolm has identified the particular mosquito of this region, and has caused all the marshes round about to be drained.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



TWO MEN OF THE MOOR

John and Joseph

We have lately been hearing of two delightful people of the Yorkshire moors. One is nine, the other 79.

John was only eight when someone missed him at a school party. "Where is John?" she asked, and the teacher replied: "John sent a message that he couldn't come tonight. He's milking."

Now that John is nine he thinks nothing of milking three or four cows an evening. During the day he is, of course, at school; but he has a passion for farm work and is at it morning and evening, helping not only at home but at his uncle's farm not far off.

Unlike most boys, John goes to bed at seven o'clock without a murmur, for he is a farmer and knows he must be up early in the morning—too early for his parents sometimes, for his early-morning spirits often wake them up at 4.30. By 6 o'clock he is off to his uncle's farm, often knocking them up (much to his pride), and finding plenty of work to keep him busy till breakfast.

The 79-year-old keeps his age no secret, for every year he invites all the children of the neighbourhood to his birthday party. But years lie lightly on Joseph Wilkinson. He can sometimes be seen running along a shelf of the moorside as blithely as if he were young John off to do the milking. He it is who finds out the sick and lonely and goes to cheer them up, and there is usually a C.N. in his pocket.

Mr Wilkinson is in frequent request as a speaker, but just to look at him is as good as a sermon. He is a total abstainer and a non-smoker, and is kept in good spirits and health entirely by vegetables and fruit. His glowing vigour is a good answer to the many who have taunted him about his fads.

A Persian cat in Norfolk has mothered fourteen silver fox cubs during the last two years.

WATER AS FUEL

Can Hydrogen Beat Petrol?

We already use atmospheric nitrogen, and thus turn air into bread.

Is it possible to split water cheaply enough to make the resultant hydrogen a commercial fuel?

A young engineer, Mr R. Erren, is said to have invented a means to split distilled water at low cost, and the cheap hydrogen so obtained has been successfully employed to drive an internal-combustion engine.

Success in such a matter might change the face of the world, for power would be available in every land. Now the lands possessing coal or mineral oil have a great natural advantage.

A RICH ACRE OF THE SEA

"New Zealand's richest acre is under water; and fish is its crop," says a New Zealand paper.

It is a fishing ground, known to fishermen as the North Reef, which is 16 miles from Taiaroa Heads, the entrance to the harbour on which the New Zealand city of Dunedin is situated.

The reef, which covers only about an acre, was discovered by fishermen 28 years ago, and for years they have taken great hauls. The harvest of fish from this reef is worth about £100 a day.

It is stated that £500,000 worth of fish has been sent to market from it.

LETTING LOOSE THE LARGE COPPER

We may see a beautiful new butterfly in our countryside soon, the Large Copper, which the London Entomological Society has been breeding in captivity for five years.

It is to be decided at their spring centenary celebrations whether the time has come to release these butterflies in the Fen district, where once they were fairly common.

It would certainly be a good way to celebrate a centenary.

WIRELESS IN ANY ROOM

The New Control

An ingenious device by which a wireless programme can be heard in any room has been invented.

Known as the Annan-McKinlay Telecontrol it consists of a small tuning apparatus to be used apart from the main set, which can in future be stored in the attic or the cellar. When turning the tuning dial to obtain the required station no sound comes from any intermediate station as the pointer travels along the scale, but immediately the station is reached its programme is heard from the portable loud-speaker in the volume at which the control has been set.

The Telecontrol can be used with any sensitive modern receiver, and is free from danger from electric shocks.

FINE EMBROIDERY

Nothing but the best seems to be the aim of the Embroiderer's Guild, which has been holding a very interesting exhibition in London.

There were many pieces of exquisite work, and it was cheering to see so much originality of design. Among the outstanding exhibits was an altar frontal, a striking picture with about 60 angels, which is being embroidered by Miss F. B. Lynn for a Brighton church.

There was a small picture of the Crucifixion from Farnham Church in Surrey, worked in almost microscopical stitches by Mrs Alec Hughes.

I SWEAR

This solemn oath of loyalty is now taken by every official appointed to work for the League of Nations:

I solemnly undertake to exercise in all loyalty, discretion, and conscience the functions that have been entrusted to me as—of the League of Nations, to discharge my functions and regulate my conduct with the interests of the League alone in view, and not to seek or receive instructions from any Government or other authority external to the League.

BY THE MAYFLOWER BARN

A Pageant of Peace

The great military pageants and tattoos are upon us once again, and hundreds of thousands of people will go to see them and come back thrilled with the pageantry of armed force.

It is therefore refreshing to find that this annual monotony will be broken this year by the Quakers, who are going to have a pageant of their own in their own simple but impressive way.

The quiet spot of Jordans in Buckinghamshire has been chosen for the purpose of celebrating the 250th anniversary of the foundation of the State of Pennsylvania by the great William Penn. The historic barn which was constructed from the timber of the famous ship Mayflower that took Penn and his party to America will serve as the background.

In the courtyard of the Meeting House lie the remains of the Penn family, and it is only right that in such surroundings his life-story should be enacted. All the stages of his childhood and young manhood will be reproduced faithfully and accurately.

Visitors will see him brought before the magistrates at Gracechurch Street for trial. It was at this trial that for the first time juries were given the liberty to find verdicts according to their conscience.

The part which will no doubt be of the greatest interest will be the one where Penn will be shown when signing a treaty of peace with the Red Indians, undertaking that he would not fight them with any destructive weapons, that he would do them no bodily injury nor usurp their land, but would live with them in fellowship and goodwill.

The money which will be raised from this pageant will go toward the preservation of the old barn. We recommend our readers to give their support to this deserving enterprise.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 10 1933

Mr World

Mr World is very ill. When we bend low to listen to the beating of his heart we seem to hear him saying:

Come to my aid, children, come to my aid! Only you can help me.

THOUGH he is very old, this Mr World, and has a long, long life behind him and a very big family, it is not his age or his family that makes him ill. He might still have a long and fine career in front of him if he had not so many cares, but for this he simply must have peace and quiet, and how can this be when everything in his domain is topsy-turvy and those in charge have lost their heads?

For what do you think is the news that so troubles Mr World and makes him ill? He hears that the guardians of his lands, instead of living in goodwill with each other, have built high walls to keep the world out. Even bread and flour have no free entry, and no one is allowed to provide a poorer neighbour with what he needs.

Nothing goes right. The shops cannot sell their goods, although there are many people in want of them, and the factories close down. Fathers are out of work, mothers know not what to do when they look at the empty larder, many children have forgotten the taste of a good meal or the sight of clean clothes without holes or patches.

What hurts poor Mr World the most is to think that *there is no need whatever for all this misery, all this disorder.* If men were just a little more generous, if they would share with one another and try to understand, all would be well. But they want to do as they like, they think only of keeping their own purses full. There are even some who feel obliged to destroy what they possess rather than sell a little more cheaply. They are not all villains, not all bad-hearted people, but it is like a game: if one of the players breaks the rules all goes wrong.

All this troubles Mr World very much. He doesn't seem to recognise these people of his who have lost their heads. Only one thing gives him a little comfort and confidence: that they do come together from time to time to see what can be done to make things better. For nobody is happy, and it is at least something to see them ready to talk together. But it is slow work, and one must have much patience.

Then Mr World thinks of you, who are his grandchildren, and he whispers:

Come to my aid, children, come to my aid! Make ready to do better when you are grown up. Be good guardians of my goods and lands. Have kind hearts and help one another. Only so will my garden be free and open to you all and give you life and joy in living.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



No Snobbery in Art

WE have been reading some letters by a true artist and teacher who was a friend of Ruskin and Andrew Lang and had no narrow ideas concerning the boundaries of Art.

Writing about the Slade Professorship at Oxford, Mr Selwyn Image said:

I confess that to my mind it doesn't seem to matter a straw whether the Professor is an architect, or a painter, or a sculptor, or a jeweller, or a cabinet-maker, or a blacksmith, or practitioner in any other art that may be named. The thing is, has he a sense of Art as a whole, some decent knowledge of it, a belief in its importance to the world, and more or less ability to commend this belief to others.

One of the saddest things about our century is that it has turned many artists into factory hands. Instead of carving a chair a man works a machine which makes a chair. But a few artists still make lovely things in iron, or wood, or pottery, and it is well that they should know how they are honoured by brothers who work in oils or marble.

The Sham Glut

WE shall never cease to protest against the use of the word Glut in connection with the supplies of food and materials and goods.

The Ministry of Agriculture is calling a conference of London representatives of countries sending butter and cheese to this country because, it is said, there are gluts of these things.

What is the truth? Not in a tenth of the houses of the United Kingdom is there, as we write, a sufficient supply of butter and cheese. The majority of our people do not eat enough butter or drink enough milk. There are children in every city obviously in need of better food and better clothes and better comforts of every sort.

What we really mean in this matter is that there are bigger supplies than the majority of our people can afford to buy. That is not glut; it is *poverty of consumption.*

Let the wise man devise monetary means to enable the majority to buy what they need, and there will be an end of the nonsense that there is too much of any of our good things.

Not Run Down But Strung Up

HERE is a good thing for you to say to any friend who may complain of nervous exhaustion and of being completely run down. Say:

"As a matter of fact I am sure that you are wound up, and that until you can be persuaded to unwind and run down I can do nothing for you. When you relax I can suggest many things, but unwind you must."

Truth Shall Rise Again

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again: The eternal years of God are hers; But Error, wounded, writhes with pain And dies among his worshippers.

William Cullen Bryant

The Hospital and the Car

OUR hospitals continue to suffer severely through the road accidents which are now so painful a feature of our social life. It is said that the hospitals now have to spend about £230,000 a year on accident cases and that all that they can recover is about £26,000.

An authentic case is given in which a single road accident cost a hospital nearly £500, and *not a penny was restored to its funds.*

It is time the law interfered in this matter and compelled the insurance companies to contribute to the hospitals out of the compensation money they obtain.

Tip-Cat

SOON we shall have radio sets in our hats. They will go with a permanent wave length.

THERE are many new fashions in bags, says an expert. Best place for some of them.

WE believe it is perfectly true that ugliness existed before Epstein.

A NEAT back garden is characteristic of the English race, declares a writer. But it never comes to the front.



have with you if you were marooned on an island. A guide to boat-building.

WE live in an age of beautiful women, says a writer. But few beautiful women will tell their age.

A MAN describing his business said he travelled in ovens. Warmer than trains or buses.

AN attic, we are told, makes an ideal picture gallery. But few of us can rise to it.

REAL English beauty is to be found in the East End of London. So it hasn't gone West.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

BRISTOL is spending a million pounds on wiping out 50 acres of slums.

HISTORIC trees in Czecho-Slovakia are to have lightning conductors.

SIR HENRY ROYCE has left £10,000 now, and all his fortune ultimately, for health research.

JUST AN IDEA

Every time we declare our faith in some good thing we are helping on the world.

Michael's World

MICHAEL is nearly four, and thinks that, as he has not yet quite mastered the language of his country, his own words do quite well.

When the first buttercups appeared this year Michael looked across the glowing grass and gave a shout of joy. *Oh!* he cried; it's Buttercup Day!

The next day Michael was taken to a seaside place not far from his home. A full tide greeted him and high waves exceeded their bounds by splashing across the esplanade. Where were the sands and when would come the turning of the tide?

Michael did not ask the grown-ups with him what he wanted to know but found for himself a man of the sea, someone in a blue jersey with bare feet.

When is Rock Time? Michael asked, and the man of the sea understood. Not long now, he answered; and presently the sea receded, the shining sands appeared, and shaggy heads of seaweed-rocks looked up. Not only was it Buttercup Day but Rock Time had come. What a joyful world!

Shakespeare

THE question of whether Shakespeare should be taught in schools has caused a correspondence in the papers.

It seems obvious to us that it all depends on the teaching; some methods make a child eager for more, others make him feel that Shakespeare is nothing but a grammar lesson, or something even worse.

Somebody has printed a delightful story of how one teacher succeeded. His was one of the roughest schools, and in a desperate attempt to give his pupils some idea of English he started reading serially through Julius Caesar, with no comment whatsoever.

To his amazement, not long afterwards he heard one of the worst offenders against King's English say to a boy who was teasing him:

Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.

When the Years Have Died Away

The rain had fallen, the Poet arose, He passed by the town and out of the street; A light wind blew from the gates of the sun, And waves of shadow went over the wheat.

And he sat him down in a lonely place, And chanted a melody loud and sweet That made the wild swan pause in her cloud

And the lark drop down at his feet. The swallow stopped as he hunted the fly,

The snake slipped under a spray, The wild hawk stood with the down on his beak,

And stared, with his foot on the prey; And the nightingale thought, I have sung many songs,

But never a one so gay, For he sings of what the world will be When the years have died away.

Tennyson

ARE WE ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE?

OR IS THERE LIFE ELSEWHERE?

Gold Medallist Sets Out the Case For Existing Life on Mars IMMENSE CLOUDS AND CANALS

Are we alone in the Universe? Is the Earth the only planet with life? Or is there life on Mars? It is one of the most enthralling questions raised by the progress of science in the last fifty years, and has now been raised again by a scientist receiving the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society.

Over sixteen years have gone by since the death of Professor Percival Lowell, the astronomer who declared that life existed on Mars, and the great controversies on this subject died down. It is his successor at the Flagstaff Observatory in Arizona, Dr V. M. Slipher, who has recently been on a visit to London to receive the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society, and has restated before the society the case for the theory which the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli declared in 1877.

Oxygen and Water Vapour

Dr Slipher said that recent investigations had confirmed Professor Lowell's views, and that the canals had been viewed through other telescopes than those at his own observatory.

The temperature on Mars was 48 degrees, and both oxygen and water-vapour were present on the planet. He described clouds he has viewed as a bright streak of light catching the morning or holding the evening light while it was dark on the surface of Mars underneath. One was a storm-cloud covering 300,000 square miles of the planet, and changing in shape and size from one night to another. The observation of these clouds proved that the atmosphere extended to a height of 15 miles.

Polar Ice-Caps

This atmosphere accounts for the seasonal appearance and disappearance of the white caps over the Poles, which were undoubtedly of ice and not of frozen carbon dioxide gas, which cannot support life and which the opponents of the Lowell theory declared the caps to consist of.

These polar caps shrink in summer to a greater extent than do those on the Earth, so that a Martian looking through a telescope at us would conclude that the Earth was a colder habitation than his own. He would be probably wrong, just as we are likely to be wrong in jumping to conclusions when we are judging solely by our own narrow earthly standards and requirements.

Vegetable and Animal Life

We are apt to assume, said Dr Slipher, that no change is taking place on Mars, whereas much change takes place, sometimes within a few hours. The darkening of the large blue-green areas and of the canals as the season came round for the growth of vegetation had led to the belief that vegetable life was actually present on the planet, and if vegetable life was there, why should not there be animal life with some degree of intelligence?

Of all the planets we study, Mars is the most suited for life, and as the canals existed there was reason to believe that they were artificial.

Professor Lowell in his works brought out the dramatic conditions existing on Mars under his theory. Here was a planet whose inhabitants were struggling for water, digging channels for 800,000 miles to stave off that inevitable day when their globe would become a desert on which no life could survive; the ultimate fate of every planet, even of the Earth itself at last.

NEWS FROM A TEA SHOP

A VERY pleasant incident comes to our notice which we would like to pass on to our readers.

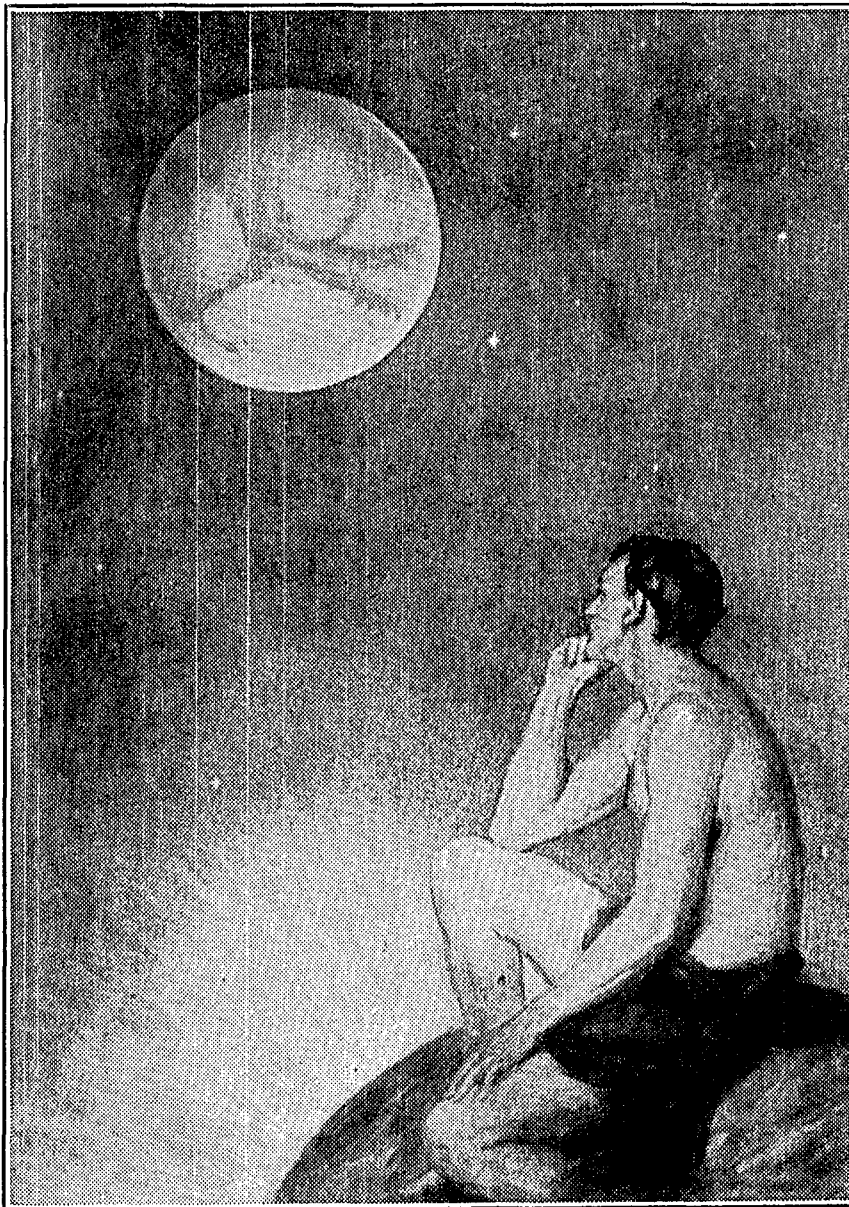
Four Indians came over here for business and study. Within 20 hours of their arrival they were in the City to make purchases and attend to their duties. They looked very tired and somewhat bewildered.

They went to a tea shop for some refreshments, and an Englishman at the next table watched them. Breaking through his reserve, he came over and began to talk to them, shook them by the hand, and wished them a happy sojourn in our country. Then he walked

away after wishing them goodbye. The Indians sat on awhile and were very happy at this warm welcome from a stranger. When they had finished their tea they asked for the bill. The waitress looked at them and, with a smile, said the bill had been already paid. "How can that be?" said they. "The gentleman who was just now talking to you paid it at the cash desk," they were told.

The Indians were still more happy to find that on the first day of their arrival they had been so warmly welcomed by an Englishman. Such acts of courtesy have very far-reaching results.

HAS MAN A BROTHER IN THE SKIES?



It is thrilling to look at Mars through a telescope and see the markings which Dr V. M. Slipher says are canals. If it is true these canals are the only mark we know in the heavens not made by the hand of God. See first column.

THE WHITE SWAN OF THE EAST

Morino Sawa has danced her last Swan Dance.

Morino Sawa was Japan's most famous dancer, and was called the Pavlova of the East. Her lithe figure had taken Tokyo by storm, and people had flocked to the Seoul Theatre enchanted by her performances.

Then one day, though she did not realise the significance of her dance at that moment, Morino danced the beautiful Dying Swan Dance, made famous by the Russian Pavlova, upon whose life the little Japanese girl had modelled her own.

The Swan of the East fluttered through her last few steps and then sank, gracefully and sadly, to the ground, her white wings folded for ever in the peace of death.

The storm of applause which greeted the dance suddenly ceased; the audience learned that Morino Sawa had danced her Dying Swan Dance for the last time.

A PALTRY £200

The pension of £10 a year which is granted to winners of the Victoria Cross has to be included in the income tax returns of the holders and is subject to taxation.

It is surely a strange anomaly that the State should take away part of the small sum with which it rewards supreme acts of heroism while it exempts the interest on Savings Certificates even when they are held by millionaires.

For taxation purposes the State does admit that the pensions are earned income; it is surely time we went a little farther and sacrificed the paltry £200 which we take back from these brave men.

PATHETIC

I heard M. Herriot the other day say that he had had pathetic talks with President Roosevelt, but that Roosevelt is a sincere worker and will help.

A Paris correspondent of the C.N.

MASTERY OF NATURE

NATIONS JOIN IN THE WAR FOR IT

Making Tin More Useful to All Mankind

WHAT IT HAS DONE FOR US

What will the nations do when there is no more war? They will fight Nature to control her possessions, and will join together in adapting them to better and wider uses. They will, in a wise man's words, master Nature by obeying her.

Here is the story of one way in which the nations are uniting now in this great task of increasing the value of natural possessions for all mankind.

The brevity of the name and the unattractive quality of its sound when struck have given tin associations which it by no means deserves, for it is one of the most useful of metals and has a history closely linked with our own island story.

Man's First Metal Tools

An international effort is now being made to expand its use both as an alloy and in metallic paints, so that the twentieth century is likely to carry well forward those discoveries which some genius of the Stone Age began, leading to what is called the Bronze Age.

Bronze is but an alloy of tin and copper, both found in the rocks of Cornwall, so that it might very well be that a native of this country gave to man his first metal tools and ornaments. Certain it is that Cornwall's tin mines brought the civilised races of the Mediterranean to our shores long before Julius Caesar came, and the mines continued a great source of wealth to us until comparatively recent times.

Wealth of the Stannaries

Everyone knows that Edward the First made his son Prince of Wales, but it is not so well known that the title of Duke of Cornwall has been hereditary ever since the Black Prince received it in 1337 in order that the wealth of the Stannaries, as the tin-mines were called, might aid his resources.

The great value of tin is that, of all metals, it is the least affected by air and water, while no acid except nitric has any effect upon it at normal temperatures. Hence its wide use as containers for food and its value as a coating for stronger metals which are not resistant to acids or weathering.

The tinning of plate-iron was invented in Bohemia in the 16th century and tin-plates were first made in this country a hundred years later. It is a most important industry, tin from the vast alluvial beds in the Malay Peninsula being brought to our coal and iron districts for manufacture.

Miracles of the Modern World

In recent years tin has been used as an alloy for aeroplane engines, and we know how these miracles of the modern world have stood the severest tests. An International Council has been set up in London, and will direct for research in the chief laboratories in the world funds placed in its hands by the chief tin-producing countries.

America, which is the largest user of tin in the world, has, strangely enough, very little of her own. The British Empire has half the known supply. So tin sends an answer to those foolish people who imagine (as Lord Beaverbrook seems to imagine) that great nations can live on their own resources in a civilised world. Those ancient Greek traders who put our islands on their maps as Cassiterides (the Tin Islands) knew better than that when they came to buy our Cornish tin, which forms part of some of the most magnificent bronzes the world has ever seen.

HOME AT LAST SALISBURY RECOVERS ITS OWN GLASS

Generous Gift By An American
Donor

A GREEK NAMED PHEIDION

We believe that the C.N. was the first newspaper to tell of the hunt for the lost glass of Salisbury Cathedral.

Readers who remember how Dr Stanley Baker has hunted for it with spades and pumps in old rubbish pits round Salisbury, and has found certain tantalising fragments there, will be glad to know of some that has returned from across the Atlantic.

Dr Roderick Terry of Newport, Rhode Island, is the generous man who has sent it back to its old home.

He says that when his father-in-law was in England many years ago he bought two small panels of medieval glass. This gentleman, Mr Henry Marquand, was then President of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and it is lucky that the glass did not go into some museum from which it could not return.

What Dr Terry Thought

When Dr Terry heard how the glass was being sought high and low his conscience smote him, for he was morally certain that his panels came from Salisbury.

Yet why should his conscience have troubled him? He might have said: "The people of Salisbury should have withstood the vandal bishop who took out the beautiful old glass. They did not, and their descendants must do without it. This glass of mine was honestly bought."

But he did not say these things. He thought of the medieval craftsmen who had made the glass to the glory of God and the beautifying of Salisbury. He felt he must send back the glass to serve its old purpose.

The panels have arrived, and Dr Baker has no doubt that they belong to Salisbury. One of them bears the medieval Royal Standard of England surrounded by a patchwork of patterns, and seven of these patterns match fragments found in a ditch in Salisbury.

The other panel has a blue medallion bearing the name of Jesus in Greek characters. Here, perchance, is a link with a Greek named Pheidion, who lived in the fifteenth century. He was a scholar who began life in the Greek Church, but became one of the clergy of Salisbury Cathedral about 20 years after the burning of Joan of Arc.

The Panel With the Greek Word

Pheidion lived in one of the old houses in the Close, and Dr Baker thinks that the panel with the Greek word may come from Pheidion's old home. In his day it was not in churches only that men had

*Storied windows richly light
Casting a dim religious light.*

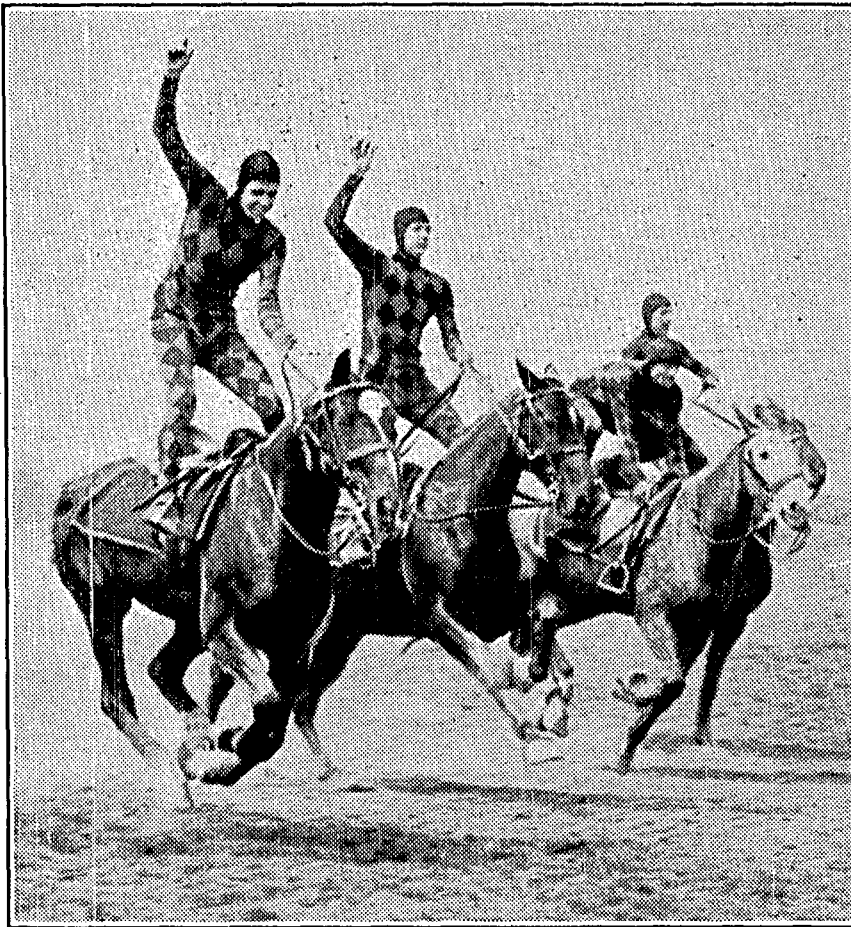
Of all the people who have loved Salisbury and its magnificent cathedral none can have loved it more than old Pheidion, who left his native land and kindred to live in the shadow of the spire. We like to think of him crossing the greensward to pray in the cathedral and then going back again to his garden by the river, where English scholars would talk to him of learning and roses.

It is good that this link with him should come back to the place he loved, thanks to the graciousness of someone in America.

SEEING

A useful little series of half-crown books is being issued by Messrs Dent on How to See Things—how to see flowers, how to see birds, and so on. They are simply written by Eric Daglish, and have a table at the end with much useful information.

NEWS PICTURES OF THE WEEK



Harlequin Hussars—One of the most thrilling spectacles in this year's Royal Tournament has been the display of horsemanship by the King's Royal Irish Hussars dressed as harlequins. Here they are seen standing in their saddles.



In the Orchard—The fruit blossom makes a beautiful background for these three girls in dress of other days. The picture was taken in Yorkshire.



Irish—These little colleens were not in Ireland but at the Bath and West Show, which was not held at Bath but at Wimbledon.

JAPAN AT THE GATES OF PEKING

A Truce in Time

A truce has come about in Japan's war on China.

The well-equipped army of Japan drove back the irregular and regular troops arrayed against it with the greatest ease and Peking was at its mercy.

Perhaps because she did not want the responsibility of keeping order in a city of over a million people, or perhaps because of what the rest of the world would say at such a dramatic event as her entry into the historic city, Japan called a truce at the very gates of Peking when the Chinese General Chiang Kai-shek sent the mayor to negotiate with the Japanese commander.

The truce will leave Peking and Tientsin in possession of the Chinese.

The Chinese Government at Nanking have great problems facing them from other quarters, the Cantonese in the south threatening to declare their independence and the Communists once more menacing the authority of the Republic.

AN EXPLORER OF CENTRAL AUSTRALIA

Trekking at 172 Degrees in the Sun

A pioneer in the exploration of Australia has passed away at 88, having lived to see the aeroplanes which cross with ease those arid wastes where he spent 17 strenuous years in exploring and mapping for the Government 60 years ago.

It was in 1859 that William Harry Tietkins sailed from London to Australia. From 1865 onward he was engaged in surveying the Darling River, and in 1872 he was a member of the party which was the first to penetrate the desert wastes of the centre, losing one of his companions and many of the horses from lack of water.

On a later journey he took camels with food for four months, but the journey took five months, during which he covered 1200 miles, often enduring the rays of the sun at 172 degrees.

William Tietkins was a great optimist about the areas he passed through, advocating their development by the Australians.

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO DRIVE

The C.N. has complained many times of the indifference of the police to the lawbreakers who spoil our peace every day in London; this is from a letter on the subject in The Times.

Friends of mine often ask me to write another letter to you about the needless screaming and yelling of motor-vehicles which is driving them mad.

I have pointed out to them that it is useless, since you have no administrative power in the matter and those who have are indifferent to human suffering. It does seem, however, worth while to ask why this evil should be for curiosity alone: one of your readers may supply the right answer.

Here is an admitted grievance which is damaging to the nerves of almost everyone, even if he is not aware of it, and to patients in hospitals and nursing homes must be often disastrous or lethal, and is quite unnecessary. All good motorists agree that in London, at least, these high pitched, bestial noises serve no useful purpose. They are made by bad, selfish, or timid drivers who ought not to be allowed to drive.

Mr G. S. Street in The Times

Broadcast talks in Esperanto are now often given from Estonian, Czechoslovakian, and Polish stations.

Last year the Liverpool branch of the British Legion found work for their unemployed members at the rate of one a day.

PALESTINE AND THE JEWS

Something To Help

By Our League Correspondent

Palestine is doing its part in helping to meet the emergency caused by the treatment of Jews in Germany.

It is giving permission to a larger number of labourers to enter by issuing more immigration certificates. To the applications of those skilled workers who have a small capital it gives special consideration; for a certain number with a capital of £1000 it has supplied direct to the British Passport Office in Berlin the necessary certificates to avoid delay; and for all those already settled in Palestine it is facilitating the entry of parents and relatives from Germany.

These measures are to be welcomed, but they remind us that Palestine cannot offer unlimited opportunities for Jewish settlement.

It is a very small country; its soil, after centuries of neglect, needs an immense amount of labour and capital, and the country is not yet opened up as an industrial centre. Moreover it is essentially an Arab country with an Arab population, where the differences and distinctions between native Arabs and immigrant Jews are so vast as to seem almost insurmountable.

TRAINING FOR PEACE

An Exchange For the O.T.C.

Preparing for war to keep the peace is a threadbare slogan.

We are glad to hear that a step toward a better ideal has been taken by a headmaster at a public school. He has created a substitute for the O.T.C.

His purpose is to train citizens for peace instead of for war. The scheme is voluntary, but when laid before the boys 95 per cent were in favour of it.

The underlying idea is to awaken in the boys a sense of responsibility toward the school and toward the community. The scheme falls into three parts, covering physical fitness, community service, and holiday help. For community service they may build a swimming-bath or make a tennis court; at holidays, instead of the O.T.C. camp and the often wearisome route march, the boys may take up practical work in a distressed industrial area or help to run a summer camp for poor boys. There is also much to be done abroad. A walking holiday on the Continent among young people of other countries is an admirable way to understand something of their mind and of their problems. Each boy is encouraged to sign-on for a week or ten days during the year for at least one of these ways of spending a holiday.

MRS ROBIN

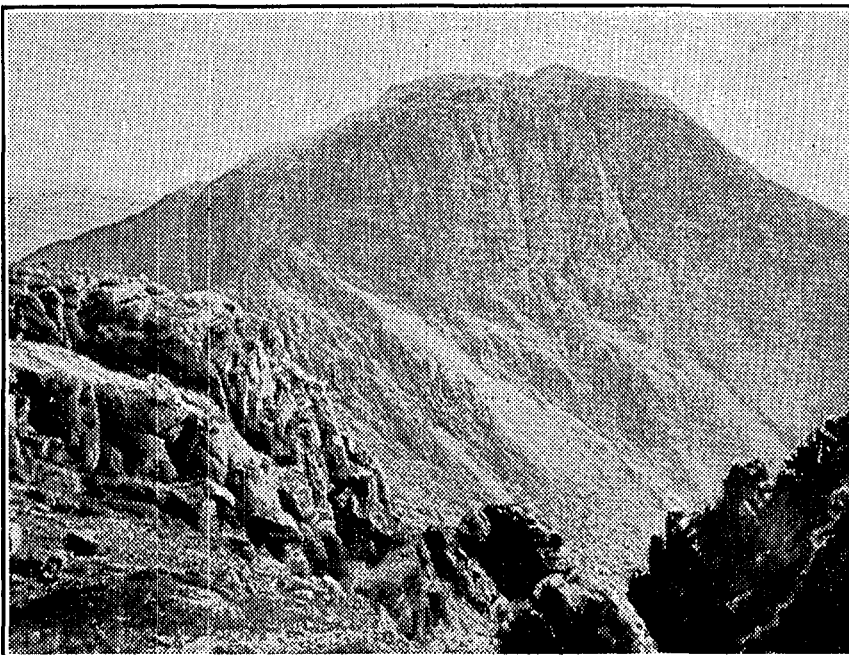
We gladly pass on this capital little story from The Times. It is told in a letter from Mrs B. Willoughby of Heytesbury, Wiltshire.

When I opened the front door the other morning about 7.30 I found a robin outside it making a great fuss and chattering. I thought there must be a cat about, but could not see one.

Some 20 minutes later I went out to feed my chickens and the robin was still there, making the same noise. I went down the path into the lane, and about 40 yards down it to our lower garden, followed all the way by the robin, who perched on a tree near me while I fed the chickens. He then flew on to the high wire netting that surrounds our lawn tennis court, and there I discovered Mrs Robin hanging head downward by one foot that was caught in the wire and fluttering terribly. With much difficulty I managed to release her, he watching me anxiously the while. The pair then flew off together.

Surely we have reasoning power here in some degree? The bird was, I think, one I have fed daily all through the winter. He would come in through the door for his crumbs.

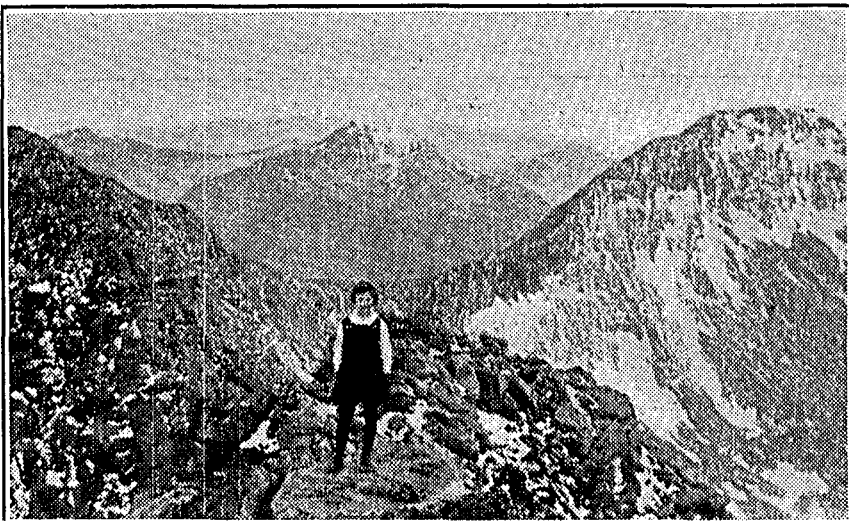
THE TOPS OF OUR MOTHERLAND



Scafell, 3210 feet, the highest point in England



Snowdon, 3560 feet, the highest mountain in Wales



A C.N. reader on the ridge near Ben Nevis, 4406 feet, Scotland's highest point

A recent series of C.N. articles about the highest points of Britain emphasised the fact that we need not go abroad for mountain scenery. Here are three pictures of the summits of England, Wales, and Scotland.

BUILDERS AND THE SLUMS

Much Talk But Little Doing

A FACT TO REMEMBER

While there is so much talk about clearing away the slums which disgrace our country the number of unemployed workers in the building trades remains enormous.

On April 24 the number of unemployed builders was 198,017.

We recall with some shame that after the war it was impressed upon the building industry that what was wanted was a larger number of men in the trade to cope with the work that wanted doing.

Accordingly schemes were proposed to raise the number of men in the industry so that housing might be pushed on.

The men in the building trade stoutly resisted this, declaring that there was no guarantee that building would be pushed on, and that they had had bitter experience in the past of what promises were worth.

Now we have to confess that these men were right, and that those who tried to persuade them to expand the number of men in their trade were wrong. We have not employed builders as they ought to be employed, and if the number of men in the trade had been expanded greatly the added workers would have been mocked.

We take the liberty of reminding those in authority of these facts. The British building trade would be much bigger than it is if we seriously put our hands to providing good homes for our people.

It is necessary to add that on April 24 it was officially shown that the number of unemployed in the brick industry was one in five.

THE SWISS PEACE ARMY

The Swiss Government has decreed a credit of eight million francs to carry out works of public utility for relieving the unemployment which is rife in Switzerland.

Subsidies are to be granted for unemployed persons working on relief works outside their own trades, and they are not to exceed 30 per cent of the wages paid; but the subsidy may also be granted in communes where unemployment in the building trades is high, in respect of the wages of building workers employed in their own trade on relief works.

If a canton is suffering from exceptionally severe unemployment, and the expenses of the relief works are high, the subsidy may be raised to 60 per cent of the wages.

The credit may also be applied to subsidies to labour camps and other enterprises intended to provide regular occupation for young unemployed workers not over 22. Such subsidies may not be more than two-fifths of the cost of maintenance, daily allowance, and travelling expenses.

OUR APPLES

Four Out of Five From Abroad

Sir Daniel Hall and Mr M. B. Crane have published a deeply interesting book on The Apple, which we hope will have a wide circulation.

They show that out of some £10,500,000 worth of apples we consume in a year only £2,500,000 worth are grown at home. Thus nearly four out of every five apples we eat are brought from overseas.

This ought not to be, for our island is particularly suited to apple-growing, and the industry, if scientifically conducted, is a very profitable one. A small apple farm, thoroughly well conducted, can yield a very satisfactory income.

JOHN HANZEL IS SOLD UP

INCIDENTS IN A WORLD-WIDE MOVEMENT

Neighbourly Solidarity in Pennsylvania

A SURPRISE FOR THE SHERIFF

Some day this will all appear in the history books and perhaps make rather dull reading.

"In 1933 farmers all over the world revolted against the heavy burden of taxation. In Russia their revolt took the form of passive resistance and the simple cessation of agricultural effort, which resulted in widespread famine conditions; in France there were meetings of protest among the discontented peasantry; in America the resistance took the form of neighbourly solidarity which, while working within the letter of the law, succeeded in setting its spirit at complete defiance."

That is how it will sound in the future. At present it is much more exciting.

Up Before Dawn

The farmer's revolt is going on in many different parts of America, but the single instance of how it saved John Hanzel and his three motherless children in Bedminster, Pennsylvania, is sufficient to show the spirit and method that animate it.

Farmer Hanzel was to be sold up for taxes on a Tuesday morning. The Farmers Protection Association heard of it and members were up before dawn, riding across the countryside calling out the neighbours to gather together to "save Hanzel." By nine o'clock 300 determined farmers had gathered at the Hanzel gate to await the Sheriff and his men, who had fixed the hour of the sale for ten. They agreed that it should be a perfectly legal sale, but there would be only three bidders.

When Sheriff Gwinner arrived he was startled to see the three Hanzel children marching up and down with banners reading: "Farmers, Save Our Home!" "Our Lives Are in Your Action!" "Your Children Will Be Next!" And he did not particularly like the determined look on the faces of the 300 neighbours who ushered him into the barn, where they bade him get on with his sale.

A Magna Carta Party

The first thing offered was a hay-loader, worth 30 dollars. The highest bid offered was 25 cents. Fifty hens went for three cents; the three horses brought a few pennies each; nine head of cattle went for 25 cents; the household goods were sold in one lot for six cents. Farmer Hanzel was sold up, lock, stock, and barrel, for just over a dollar. His neighbours owned all his property. Then they paid the Sheriff the money and made him sign a receipt.

The lawyer who accompanied him to the sale called it a Magna Carta party, and said: "I know now how King John felt back in 1215 when the English barons made him put his signature on the dotted line."

This formality over, the Sheriff was told to leave. Then the farmers took up a collection, and gave John Hanzel 12 dollars: 11 dollars for food and the remaining dollar to pay to the Farmers Protection Association for a 99-year lease on his property, which the Association now owned. So the Hanzel children and the Hanzel horses, cows, and chickens all had dinner as usual.

Bookings can now be made from Croydon to 140 air stations in Europe.

There are 30 air transport companies in Europe, operating about 60,000 miles.

The L.M.S. Railway is to renew 596 miles of track this year, and orders have been placed with British steel manufacturers for 70,000 tons of rails.

TO A YOUNG MAN HURRYING BY

THERE'S only one thing as will put this weary world right, said the old man leaning over the gate.

"And what's that?" asked the young man in a hurry.

"The Kingdom of God and His righteousness," said the old man.

"Really," exclaimed the young man in a hurry. "We've tried that idea for nearly two thousand years, and look at the mess we are in today."

"Aye," answered the old man, "so it seems; but righteousness has never had a chance yet. Even today there are folks more willing to trust to might than right."

"Yes," said the young man, "and who's fault is it but the men who lead?"

"Nay, lad," said the old man; "I'm not having that. Whose fault is it? Why, it's just you and me."

"So we've got to blame ourselves for the mess the world's in," the young man said, with a touch of sarcasm.

"Nay," answered the old man quietly.

"What we've got to do is to try to love and understand the other fellow so that we see his point of view."

"That's not easy," said the young man.

"Of course it isn't," was the reply.

"It never has been, and that's just why Christianity is a full-sized man's job."

"And how do you propose we should set about it?" asked the young man.

The old man meditated, and then, after a long pause, replied: "There be an invalid chap in the village yonder. He got his spine injured in the pit. Go and ask his missus if you can take him out for an hour."

"Me?" exclaimed the young man, remembering his hurry; "why, I'm out for the day. I can't do that."

The old man moved away from the gate. "Of course," he said as he moved off, "of course. You're out for the day. That's just what's the matter with the whole world. Too many folk are like that, thinking of life as a day's outing."

GENTLE DEER AND GENTLE MEN

WHAT do you think of our new leaflets? Please write and tell us, begs the Society for the Abolition of Cruel Sports.

The C.N. hastens to say that it considers them altogether excellent. On five slips of paper are assembled the unanswerable arguments against hunting in general, and fox, otter, hare, and deer-chasing in particular.

Even a hardened hunting man can scarcely be easy in his conscience as his eyes take in the charm of these animals, so cleverly photographed at the top of each leaflet; for such men often confess that they dislike being in at the kill.

They like to concentrate on the fun of the chase, the music of horn and hoofs and hound, the tense waiting, the gallop, and the thrill of a well-cleared jump.

They are gentle men. Their senses must not be shocked by seeing a small,

still quivering, body torn to pieces. They turn away, chat, linger a field or two off. That part of the business is soon over, and then away they can trot again, hoping for another glorious run.

But it all happens whether they look or not.

That small body is torn apart, the jaunty tail is cut off, a bleeding paw is given to someone, the head to someone else, and the rest tossed among the hounds to make a tug-of-war.

If animals must be killed, is that the way to kill them?

Do not think of that side of it, say the gentle men; think of the thrilling ride. But we prefer to think of the gentle deer.

Any reader who would like these leaflets to back up their own arguments can have them at a penny each or 25 for 1s from the Society, 4, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.2.

THE OXYGEN TENT

A LIVELY little seven-year-old American boy came in from play one morning feeling very unlike his chirpy self.

Next morning he felt even worse. When the doctor came he said that the little boy had pneumonia and must be taken to a hospital at once.

At the hospital the nurses tried to fix an oxygen mask over the boy's face to make breathing easier for his sore lungs; but he did not like the mask, which seemed to smother him, and refused to have it on. His mother promised him all sorts of toys and treats, but he would not be bribed to wear the uncomfortable mask. His frightened mother was in a terrible way, for she knew that without the oxygen he might die.

But a doctor came to the rescue with another scheme. He sent off to Chicago, several hundreds of miles away, and ordered a new invention to be rushed to

the hospital as fast as possible. When it arrived the little boy was very weak, and having a terrible fight to breathe. The new invention was an oxygen tent, which covered the entire bed. The boy did not mind the tent.

For several days he lay quietly inside this tent, into which oxygen was pumped. He fought hard to overcome the pneumonia, so that he might have all the things his mother had promised him. One day the doctor said the crisis was past and he would soon be on his way to recovery.

As soon as the doctor was quite sure that it was safe to remove the oxygen tent the little boy came out in the air, weak and pale, but smiling with happiness and visions of the treats to come.

He was a very proud boy, for he was the first boy in the United States of America to have lived for days in an oxygen tent.

LOOK TO THE GAS

THE warnings published in the C.N. with regard to the dangers attending the careless use of the gas supply need to be renewed, for lives continue to be lost through faulty connections.

The accident at Gateshead, when three houses were blown up, killing seven people and injuring 20 others, is a sensational case which found its way into the daily newspapers, but the minor accidents do not attract much attention.

It is the plain duty of all who have gas in their houses to use it with exceeding care and to make sure that the gas-fitters have done their work properly. The slightest smell of gas should receive immediate attention. It is particularly important that flexible connecting-tubes should not be used except with the strictest precaution. For a shilling or

two any gas company will send an expert to go over our gas-fittings. It is worth while to have this done periodically.

Another point of very great importance is that on no account should a gas-stove be used without a proper well-ventilated flue to take off the fumes, which are poisonous. Again and again we see offered for sale small gas-fires without flues which many people are imprudent enough to use to boil kettles, or to prepare meals in bedrooms. Such articles should be prohibited.

Hundreds of lives are lost through the careless use of gas. The simple remedy would be that all gas appliances should pass a safety test and be licensed for sale, and that no gas-fitting should be used unless fitted up by a properly-qualified and licensed person.

K. C. B.

KEEP YOUR COUNTRY BEAUTIFUL

The Village Guardians of Kent Are Waking Up

A WATCH ON 300 VILLAGES

Kent has suffered so terribly in the last few years through the neglect of its citizens, so many miles of its main roads near London have become a hideous sprawl of shanties and Aunt Sallys, that it is good to read of the waking-up of its Community Councils.

The Report of the Kent Community Council shows that more than 125 associations have joined forces and are doing magnificent team work. Personal service has been organised as never before, and Kent is now one of the most progressive counties in our little island.

Repressing the Vandal

We are delighted to see the energetic way in which the beauty of Kent is being guarded at last. Now that so much of Kent's main roads is ruined almost past praying for, the vandal is being made to see that he must go elsewhere if he wants to spoil the landscape by ribbon-building, ugly petrol stations, and other atrocities.

The Committee for the Preservation of Rural Kent has representatives in each rural area and Village Wardens in 300 Kentish villages who are keeping a vigilant watch for the approach of the dragon of ugliness.

Results of Vigilance

They have already done many small pieces of useful work which together make a large contribution toward making Kent more beautiful. Here are a few results of their vigilance: Laying telegraph or electricity transmission lines underground in a village of special beauty; preserving an avenue of old trees; influencing the materials and colour of buildings, fences, and so on; beautifying an unsightly island site near a village green, and persuading firms who have put up advertisements to remove them.

Some particularly valuable pioneer work, for which the C.N. has often pleaded, is being done by this enterprising Council, which is tackling the problem of how to dispose of petrol tins, broken bottles, cans, and other unburnable rubbish. Experiments have been tried in enrolling helpers who make collections of this kind of rubbish.

In one village group 16 quarterly collections have now been made. Each household from which the rubbish is collected contributes 3d or 4d toward the cost. Rolvenden is one of several villages which successfully organise a regular collection, of which the cost is covered by these small payments.

Village Orchestras

There will soon be no such thing as a stick-in-the-mud village in Kent. Nowadays there are village orchestras and schools for conductors which have been attended by more than 500 village people. Inter-village visiting has been encouraged by a festival of community drama open to mixed teams. Over 40 courses in the technique of dramatic art have been attended by 1300 student villagers. Young Farmers Clubs are making progress, and there are now 17.

Villagers are learning to take an interest in local history and to realise the achievements of their forefathers.

The schoolchildren have been taking a prominent part in the Land Utilisation Survey; they were entrusted with half of the 300 sections of the county.

If the Kent Council will do something to hide from the public eye such eyesores as the slum growing up near Kingsdown on the Maidstone road, or the hideous patch facing the beautiful Addington Park, it will win the lasting gratitude of all who pass that way. Lines of trees can do wonders.

THREE WORLDS APPROACHING US SATURN, MERCURY, AND VENUS

Planet a Million Miles Nearer
Every Day

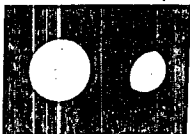
WHY WE DO NOT FALL INTO THE SUN

By the O.N. Astronomer

The beautiful planet Saturn may be easily identified in the early morning sky next week, for the Moon, at last quarter, will appear very near him on Monday, June 12.

About 3 a.m. Saturn will be in the south-east and the Moon only about three times her own diameter away to the right. By the following morning she will be to the left of the planet.

Saturn rises low in the south-east just before midnight at the end of next week and about half an hour earlier each week afterwards. At present he is about 850,000,000 miles away, and is getting nearer at the rate of some 600,000 miles a day.



The relative sizes of Venus and Mercury as seen in a small telescope

Venus, who is approaching from another direction, appearing low down near the horizon, may be observed about 10 o'clock or a little earlier, if the sky be clear, in the north-west.

Though appearing at opposite sides of the heavens, Venus and Saturn will continue to draw nearer, Venus remaining in the western sky while Saturn will apparently cross the heavens to meet her. In December next they will appear to almost come together. Meanwhile we may watch the approach through summer and autumn.

At the present time Mercury is the nearest world to us (except the Moon), being about 105,000,000 miles distant. By the end of June this distance will be reduced by about 25,000,000 miles, Mercury approaching us just now at over a million miles a day. He will continue to get farther to the left of and above Venus after having passed her on Thursday, June 8, when he was only twice the Moon's apparent width above Venus.

As Mercury sets about an hour and a half after the Sun he will not be easy to see without field-glasses; between 10 o'clock and 10.20 will be the best time to seek him; if it is not too hazy he may be seen very low in the west-north-west sky. He will remain in this region for the next three weeks.

Mercury and the Earth.

Venus sets between 20 and 30 minutes before Mercury owing to her lower altitude. She is now about 140,000,000 miles away and reducing the distance much slower than Mercury. She is speeding at 22 miles a second, the Earth at about 18. At present Mercury is travelling at about 30 miles a second; when at perihelion, his nearest to the Sun, he races along at 36 miles a second.

The Earth is almost at aphelion, her farthest point from the Sun, which will occur on July 2 next; she is, therefore, now travelling at her slowest. This is because the nearer a world gets to the Sun the faster it has to travel to avoid falling into that colossal furnace.

We all know that we have only to whirl a stone, or anything else, that has been fixed to a string, and make it travel sufficiently fast, and it will not fall to the ground or drop into our hand.

The fact that this rule applied to worlds revolving round the Sun as well as to terrestrial things was what Sir Isaac Newton discovered. G. F. M.

ROMANCE OF THE PENN COUNTRY WHAT IS HAPPENING THERE

The Growing Peril To Our
Great Inheritance

A LABOUR OF LOVE

It is because this book is a labour of love for the cherishing of England that I give it my good wishes, says Mr Ramsay MacDonald in a preface to The Penn Country, published by Evans Brothers for the Council For the Preservation of Rural England.

The book is indeed a labour of love. Writers, blockmakers, and publishers have given their services in order that the money made by the sale of The Penn Country shall be devoted to the work of the C.P.R.E. It contains 16 chapters, written by distinguished men, a portrait of gentle-faced William Penn, and 46 magnificent photographs of houses, cottages, mansions, churches, avenues, and forest trees that would make the glory of a whole country, one might think; and here they are all in this little area of the Penn Country.

Some Awful Warnings

In the book are also reproductions from old pictures, and seven photographs we are delighted to see, for they are fearful and awful warnings of what is happening along the roadsides in this same entrancing district, and all over England, for that matter. Bound in the same volume with pictures of what our forefathers did in the way of roadside building they tell their own story, and make every person who sees them long for some means to prohibit such developments.

The chapters deal with the beauty of England, the Heritage of the Penn Country—its traditions, its romance, its roads, footpaths, byways, its churches, the great writers and statesmen who have lived there, its magnificent woods. There are also four chapters connected with the fearful and awful warnings which are of incalculable benefit, for they give practical suggestions by experts in house-planning and design, in the use of local material, in adapting an old property.

Strongest of All Ties

We cannot be too thankful to the C.P.R.E. and kindred societies for the noble work they are doing in making us wide awake to the magnificence of our inheritance and the great dangers that beset it. Says Mr H. A. L. Fisher in his chapter on the beauty of England:

The unique and incommunicable beauty of the English landscape constitutes for most Englishmen the strongest of all ties which bind them to their country. However far they travel, they carry the English landscape in their hearts.

There could be no finer work for the coming generation than to see that this beauty is handed on by them unspoiled.

WHY DOES BARK GROW ON A TREE?

From The Children's Encyclopedia

If the bark did not grow on the tree the tree would not grow. In the first place, the bark does one or two things which are useful but not very important. The outside of it is usually pretty tough, and has become more or less dead (like the outside of our skin), so that things do not hurt it, and it protects the living part of the tree inside.

The inside of the bark is the most living part of the tree, we may say; it actually makes the tree. All the growth of the tree in thickness is due to the making of the wood, and it is the soft living part of the inside of the bark that has made all the hardest wood of the biggest and hardest tree-trunk. Also, there are channels in the bark through which the sap of the tree runs; in much the same way as the blood runs in our own blood-vessels.

LAND-CRABS FROM THE GAMBIA

TRAGEDY ON ARRIVAL

Interesting Demonstrations
of Nut-Cracking

MOK AND MOINA AS PYRAMUS AND THISBE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Once again the land-crab is represented at the Zoo, a box containing eight having arrived from the Gambia.

Seven of these unpleasant-looking creatures are now on view in the Insect House in a glass-fronted case furnished with earth, rockwork, and a pool. The eighth, unfortunately, perished shortly after it was unpacked as a result of a fight with its companions.

The new crustaceans are fine specimens and most obligingly active. In addition to showing how they can walk backward, forward, or sideways with equal ease, they frequently make use of two queer little appendages situated half-way between the eyes and the mouth which can either be raised by the land-crab to remove dirt from its stalked eyes or lowered to clean its teeth.

An Uncanny Effect

When not in use these "brushes" are folded flat, and are not, therefore, noticeable; consequently the land-crab produces quite an uncanny effect if it suddenly wipes its eyes. Though they are far from amiable these newcomers to the Insect House can easily be handled by the keeper, and when they are given a Brazil nut they are usually willing to demonstrate how they crack hard food with their large right-hand fighting claw and then transfer it to their smaller left-hand feeding claw.

Two other new exhibits in the Insect House are a pair of Imperial scorpions from Sierra Leone. They are large greenish-black creatures which measure respectively 7½ inches and 5 inches long, and the female is the bigger.

When they arrived at the Zoo they had not fed for a month, but the scorpions were not depressed, and if disturbed in any way they prepared to bring their venomous stings into action.

The Offending Wall

A slight alteration has been carried out in the new Gorilla House by order of Mok and Moina. Ever since Mok's illness last November the gorillas have been separated at night, for if they had an argument when no keeper was present to act as peacemaker it might develop into a serious quarrel in which Mok, being the smaller and weaker of the two, would suffer injury.

In their old home the apes were separated only by wire-netting, whereas when they removed to their new home they discovered that the partition between their sleeping-dens was a solid wall. Apparently this wall offended and displeased the gorillas, for night after night they howled loudly at regular intervals and hammered on the wall with their hands and feet.

Now a hole has been made in the wall and bars have been fitted across this "window," and once again Mok and Moina can see one another when they are disturbed in the silent watches of the night by strange Zoo noises.

PROFITABLE FRUIT

The Board of Agriculture publishes some encouraging figures concerning fruit-growing in Essex.

It is stated that apple-growers in the county consider that costs for an acre on established apple trees come to about £40, which includes rent, pruning, spraying, thinning, packing, picking, manuring, and so on.

The returns over a period of ten years show that in nearly every year a considerable profit was made.

The average return for ten years appears to be about £100 an acre.



*Joyously
Active
and
Healthy*

ROBUST health and vigour depend on correct and adequate nourishment. And active children need more nourishment than ordinary foods provide.

That is why they need "Ovaltine" as their regular daily beverage. This delicious concentration of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs provides, in the correct proportions, every nutritive element essential for building up strong, healthy bodies and alert minds.

"Ovaltine" is 100 per cent. health-giving and energy-creating nourishment. Unlike imitations, it does not contain household sugar to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Hot or Cold

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

The mischief starts on their hands!



Dirty hands are carriers of germs that threaten the children's health. No wonder mothers are as strict about the Lifebuoy habit as any part of home training. It may mean the difference between sickness and health! There's danger on those grubby hands and faces and scraped knees. A good wash with antiseptic Lifebuoy lather immediately after play—that's the health-rule mothers make, the rule that helps to keep youngsters fit. What a relief to know that harmful germs are washed away with the dirt. The Lifebuoy habit is a safeguard from infection risks.

LIFEBUOY

SOAP for HEALTH

L 634-201-55

A LEVER PRODUCT



15,000 East End Children
will have a long glorious day by the sea, or in the country, this summer.

Cost 2/- each. Will you help to give
12 hours' happiness at 2d. an hour
to poor children from slum homes of East London's
Endless Environs? Please respond liberally to
The Rev. PERCY INESON, Supt.
EAST END MISSION,
COMMERCIAL ROAD, STEPNEY, LONDON, E.1.

SUSSEX BY ONE WHO LOVES IT WANDERING AMONG ITS WONDERS

The Little Churches That Are
Our Country's Pride

OLD PARSON DARBY

On Foot in Sussex. By A. A. Evans.
Methuen. 7s 6d.

Inexhaustible are the treasures of our little island, and in Sussex who can count them?

One might have thought there was nothing left to be written of Sussex, but the Sussex parson who writes this delightful book, who has lived for twenty years in a fold of the Sussex Downs, has unearthed for us many surprises in his wanderings off the beaten track.

Walking tourists now planning a holiday in Sussex will find this volume of great help to them. It will fascinate them and be useful too, for there are descriptions of birds and rare flowers, as well as of little known buildings of past centuries and remains of prehistoric times.

The Walking Tourist of Today

Mr. Evans has something to say of the Youth Movement. The walking tourist of today, he says, is a person of more intelligence than the old-time ramblers; he is out to gather not only fresh energy for the body but also food for the mind. There is a happy difference between tourists in a motor-car, reclining on cushioned seats, and these sturdy youths on a walking tour with tanned skin and clear eyes facing sun and wind and rain. But our author regrets that they miss much on their rambles by not taking the trouble of reading up beforehand a little about the things they are to see.

Sussex is rich in wild flowers. Mr. Evans has been careful not to mention the rarest plants he has found because of the botanical raids on the countryside, but there is an engaging chapter which shows the wonderful variety of the flora, especially in the Arun Valley. Sad to say, many interesting plants, such as the sea holly, are diminishing because of thoughtless depredators.

Barbarous Boys and Girls

Some of the worst enemies of the birds are the boys and girls of cottages and farms. With quite few and rare exceptions, the writer tells us, they are altogether barbarous, and spoil every nest they find.

Except for the church little of the medieval village survives today in many cases, and most people would be disappointed could they go back in time and see a village before the Black Death. They would see not the charming, well-built cottages of today but homes which were more truly hovels, built of wattle, mud, and thatch, one-roomed dwellings, except for a loft, with a clay floor and central hearth. The village home of that period was like the hut of a West African Negro of today, and probably had less comfort. All flesh food was salt food for five months of the year, and skin diseases were common. In a view of the medieval village we should also miss our fields and gardens. Farming was usually in strips, and gardens hardly existed.

Appalling Wrecks

Everybody will enjoy reading the account of old Parson Darby, who lived in the reign of Queen Anne. He was dismayed by the appalling wrecks near the Belle Tout cliffs, so he hewed, with chisel and axe, a wide chamber with side recesses for shelter from the wind. It was connected with steps to the beach. Outside it he hung a great lamp to guide shipwrecked sailors who might be struggling in the sea, so that they could reach this place of refuge. Night

BRAZIL'S UTOPIA Happy Colony of Eight Million Acres

CARRYING OUT A BIBLE IDEA

God first put man into a garden to keep and dress it.

This old Bible idea was in the mind of Mr. Toivo Uuskallio, a Finnish author, gardener, and architect, when he thought out an original scheme to solve the terrible problem of world unemployment.

Even when he was a child he had visions of reforming the world, and now he is seeing his dreams come true. His plan, which has been working successfully for five years, is simple, and so full of sound commonsense that we can only wonder why it has not occurred to many other students of the problem.

He obtained a loan to buy an estate of more than eight million acres in Brazil. It cost about £12,000 and has room for 3000 people to live in comfort, each on his own piece of land. For more than a hundred years it had been a coffee estate, and Mr. Uuskallio bought it from a Roman Catholic bishop who is in sympathy with his scheme and on the best of terms with the colonists.

An International Colony

At present the emigrants are chiefly from Finland, with a few Swedes and one Dutchman; but it will gradually become an international colony where all Christians may live in peace and co-operation and never suffer from the misery and deterioration caused by unemployment.

Mr. Uuskallio's friend, a Finnish clergyman working among Scandinavian seamen at the London docks, showed a C.N. correspondent the other day why the plan was so easy to carry out once the estate had been procured. Holding up a crystal sphere he pointed to the middle of it and said it was the belief of his friend that God meant man to live in the centre of the Earth where gardening (gaining a living from the land) is most easy.

The happy colonists are vegetarians and teetotallers. By their own rules no animal is killed. Coffee is no longer grown. Something better for health is produced, and that is fruit. The colonists, who help one another to build houses and to settle on their own little estates, sell the collected fruits and share the proceeds. They can live without too much toil, and thus have leisure for study, games, and hobbies.

A Chance For Poor Children

Mr. Uuskallio has now managed to buy a motor-car for the use of the colonists, also to provide tractors, telephones, electricity, and sawmills, for there are valuable forests with ebony and mahogany trees so large that four men with outstretched arms can hardly reach round one of the trunks.

It is Mr. Uuskallio's great wish that a party of poor children from the East End of London should go out and settle on this estate with somebody to look after them.

If sympathisers would take shares in the enterprise, which is now safely launched and paying its way, or would send subscriptions to the Rev. J. M. Airile, Seamen's Mission, Branch Road, London, E.17, they would be forwarded to Brazil.

Continued from the previous column

after night, when the Channel was running with winter gales, this brave parson would keep watch in the cave, and many were the lives he saved by throwing out ropes.

There was no landing-place for a mile or more East and West.

Parson Darby is one of the heroes of the South Downs, and he belonged to its little churches, which are still the pride and glory of this noble piece of England we call Sussex.

THE FLYING BANDIT

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 23

Not Guilty

"How long will they keep us?" Tim whispered anxiously in Jock's ear as they followed Tibbetts toward the door.

"Silence!" snapped Tibbetts, turning on them, and suddenly the door was flung open.

"Hulloa, you chaps! Sorry I'm so late. Couldn't help it. No place to land. Had to go a mile or more and tramp back."

The Court had gone dead quiet and everyone in the big room was staring at the figure in leather jacket and flying helmet.

"What's the meaning of this? Who are you?" demanded Colonel Carver.

Finch saluted.

"Sorry, sir. Didn't quite realise where I was. And I was so glad to see these chaps safe and sound. We all thought they must have come to grief in the storm. You see, they managed to get aboard the thieves launch. But no doubt they've told you all about it."

"They did," said Mr Whitney, "but my brothers on the Bench did not believe their story. You, I take it, are Mr Hanley?"

"That's my name, sir, Finch. Hanley. I was taking the emeralds to their owner when they were stolen from me. You'll have seen all about that in the papers."

"I have," replied Mr Whitney, "but the papers said nothing of these boys."

"No, sir, they didn't know anything about them, but Jock Freeland gave me a lot of help. He followed the thief to Wales and came precious near to getting the emeralds back. And Tim here flew my big plane all across Wales to help. I tell you, sir, these boys have done more in the past couple of days than most men would have dared do, and done it well too."

Finch Hanley's voice rang through the big room, and his straightforward manner and open face made a great impression. The Mayor grew red. Colonel Carver then spoke.

"It seems to me that we have been mistaken. These boys cannot possibly be the same who broke into the bird-watcher's hut on the previous occasion. Do you agree with me, Mr Mayor?"

"I do, sir," said the Mayor.

"In that case," said Colonel Carver, "all we can do is to offer them an apology and release them without a stain on their characters."

There was a murmur of applause from the court. Jock spoke up.

"Thank you, sir," he said. "Then I suppose we can go with Mr Hanley?"

"Indeed, you can," replied Colonel Carver. "And we wish you luck in your quest for the stolen jewellery."

Jock did not move.

"There's just one thing, sir. We'd rather this didn't get into the papers, if it could be prevented."

"We'll see to that, my boy," the Colonel answered cordially. "Is there anything we can do for you before you leave?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir," said Jock, and bowing politely to the Bench he went out.

Tibbetts was at the door. He was looking rather blue.

"You can't blame me?" he said in a tone of gruff apology.

"I've no ill feelings," Jock told him, "only you might have sent that wire for me."

"He did. I got it," Finch put in.

"Well, that's all right," said Jock with a grin, and they went off, leaving poor Tibbetts sadly puzzled.

"Plane's in a field top of the hill a mile away," Finch said. "You fellows like to walk out?"

"No, get a taxi or something," replied Jock quickly. "We haven't a minute to waste. I'll explain on the way."

There were no taxis, but they got a car from the hotel. On the way Jock explained to Finch about Mark, and how certain he felt that the man was going after the emeralds.

"Don't believe it," returned Finch bluntly. "If this chap Red is anything like what you say he's not going to let any of his gang rob him."

"But he's still lame from his wound. Remember that," Jock urged.

"Still, I don't think there's much risk. According to what you say Red's gone a longish way up the coast. Unless Mark has a fast car or another plane he's not likely to get back to Horn Quay very quickly, and I don't see Red letting him have either."

"Horn Quay—is that the place we started from?"

"That's the name of the village just to the South. I say, it was smart of you to tie those handkerchiefs on the bushes. I found my way to the beach by them, and when I struck that little bay I could guess pretty well what had happened. But it

was no use trying to follow in that gale, so I flew back to Colchester and sat tight, waiting for a message." He paused and frowned. "It seems to me that your friend Red works on a biggish scale. He must be the head of a big gang."

They came to the field and it did Jock's heart good to see the plane once more. It was decided that they should fly straight back to Horn Quay and search, first the sea cave and then the wood.

"And we'd better hurry," said Finch curtly. "There's weather brewing."

Jock looked up at the sky. It had turned not merely hot but sultry, and now a leaden haze hung over the North Sea.

"Thunder," said Jock thoughtfully, and Finch nodded agreement.

"But we've only got about seventy miles to go," said Jock. "We ought to do it before the storm breaks."

"If we don't run into it," remarked Finch rather grimly as he climbed into the plane.

Tim pulled over the prop.

"Contact," he said, and Finch repeated the word. Nothing happened and Tim tried again. Still no result.

"She gave trouble this morning," Finch said. "Mixture's too rich. Try turning the screw back a few times." Meantime he opened the throttle.

This worked, but it had meant a delay of several minutes and meantime the cloud over the sea was growing blacker and rising with most ominous speed. Even then they could not get off at once, for Finch had to run his engine until it was thoroughly warmed. They took off well and Finch went up to two thousand. At that height the plane struck a strong south-easterly current and Finch had to go down again in order to avoid it.

"Thunder weather all right," he shouted to Jock.

Thunder weather it was, and coming up like smoke off the sea. Next moment a livid glare lit the heart of the vast mass of purple vapour, and Jock saw a white line racing across the dark sea.

"Wind," he said to Tim, and Tim nodded. "Hail, too," he added.

Jock saw that Finch was very anxious.

CHAPTER 24

A Forced Landing

FINCH was watching the storm which was driving in between them and their destination.

"I'm going to try to get above it," he called to the boys and sent the plane upward at a steep angle.

The needle showed four thousand feet, then five, but still the vast cloud bulked like a mountain in front of them. They could no longer see the ground. What they could see was the most magnificent and terrifying display of fireworks in the shape of lightning, while the crash of thunder was louder even than the crackling exhaust of the big plane's engine.

Finch still struggled upward, but it was no use, and next minute the plane was swallowed in a mass of inky vapour. At the same moment the wind hit her.

You do not feel wind in an aeroplane as you do on land or sea. The plane bucked like an unbroken horse, and it took all Finch's skill and strength to keep her on anything like a level keel.

"I'm glad I'm not flying her," said Tim in Jock's ear, and Jock nodded.

Tim was very pale. "It's the lightning," he told Jock. "I hate a thunderstorm."

The worst was still to come. Suddenly they were struck by a smashing downpour of hail. Lumps of ice nearly as big as marbles rattled on the metal of the machine like rifle shots. Finch was protected by the windscreen, but the boys had to duck their heads and cover up as best they might.

The hail ceased suddenly, there followed a blaze that nearly blinded them, and with it an explosion that made the whole machine shudder and feel as if she were falling to pieces. The plane stalled and pitched forward in a nose dive. For a horrid moment Jock fully believed that they had been struck and that they were all going to smash. Jock was holding his breath when suddenly the nose swung up, the engine roared, and once more the plane was on level keel.

"A miracle," Tim cried in Jock's ear. "Something jolly like one," Jock answered, and that was all either said.

The worst seemed over, but now rain was falling in torrents and they could see nothing. Not knowing how near he might be to the ground Finch was pushing the machine slowly upward again.

Continued on the next page



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"Haven't a notion where we are," he sang out presently. "I'm just carrying on by compass. It's all I can do."

By degrees the rain slackened. Jack looked at his watch. They had been flying for nearly an hour, and if they had held anything like the right course they must be somewhere near Horn Quay. Suddenly Tim gave a shout.

"The sea! There's water beneath us, Finch!"

A rift in the cloud had shown long lines of white waves a couple of thousand feet below, and Finch at once swung the plane round to the west, but had hardly done so before Jack caught an ominous sound. The engine was missing on one cylinder. The boys exchanged glances.

"No luck," said Tim, but Jack refused to be discouraged.

"I can see the cliffs," he told Tim. "We'll do it all right."

The storm was passing as swiftly as it had come, sweeping away inland. Already a gleam of sun lit the leaden waves to the east, and the low cliffs showed up plainly little more than a mile away. Even so both boys knew they were in for a forced landing, always a risky business, and all the more so because they were over water and not land. Alone they would have been certain to come to grief, but Finch was a pilot of long experience, and knew exactly what to do. He turned the nose slightly downward and carried on straight toward the land. Yet, of course, the plane steadily lost height, and to the boys it looked as if she would drive straight into the face of the cliff. The tide was high, and there was no beach on which Finch could set her down. It seemed certain they would be forced to come down in the sea.

But the wind was behind them, and they were still travelling at a good pace. Yet to the boys the seconds seemed like hours as they sat motionless, waiting to see what would happen. Tim was the first to realise they were going to reach land.

"We're all right," he cried suddenly. "We shall just make it."

Yet the plane was barely a hundred feet up as she crossed the rim of the cliff. Beyond was a stretch of rough ground with gorse growing in clumps and sheep feeding here and there. With infinite skill Finch Hanley kept the plane gliding with just speed

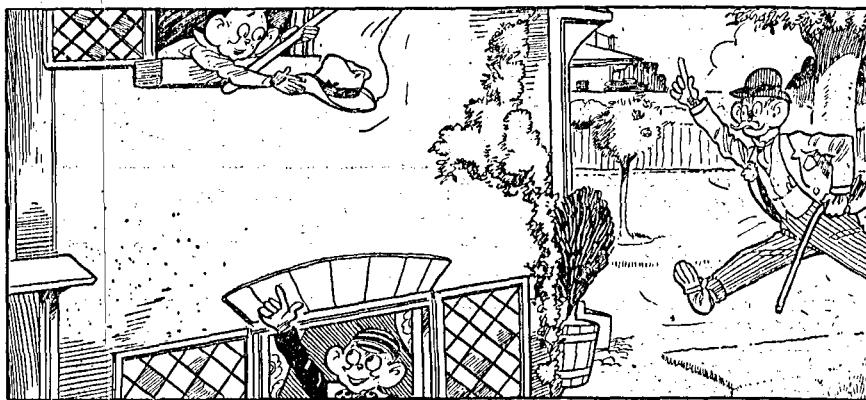
Continued in the last column

JACKO HAS A PLEASANT MORNING

JACKO was sent off one morning to take a message to his uncle.

Uncle George was a bachelor and lived by himself in a small flat. When Jacko arrived the landlady told him that he was not at home.

"But he's only gone to buy a paper," she said; "he'll be back directly."



An angry-looking figure suddenly appeared

So Jacko skipped upstairs into his uncle's room.

As he stood looking out of the window something soft came floating down from above and hit him gently on the nose.

Jacko stuck his head out and looked up.

A small boy was fishing out of the window overhead with a screw of coloured paper on the end of a string.

Jacko grinned; and when the string came down again he snatched a banana from the sideboard and tied it on.

The child squealed with delight as he dragged it in.

Down came the string again, and this time a lump of toffee from Jacko's pocket went sailing up.

The next fish to go up was a gay sports tie, which Jacko found hanging on a chair in Uncle's bedroom.

With more squeals that, too, disappeared. And down came the string again.

Jacko looked round the room. There was nothing else that he could see but

Uncle's hat. It was a beautiful grey felt hat, which his uncle had just bought. As a matter of fact it had never yet been on his head.

The small boy overhead, who was enjoying himself very much, shrieked with joy when he caught sight of this new capture.

He was hauling it in with his little sticky fingers when an angry-looking figure suddenly appeared on the pavement below.

It was Uncle George!

One look at his face and Jacko made for the door.

But his uncle was waiting for him! And he found, not for the first time, that Uncle's hand was not a light one!

enough to save her from stalling. He had cut out the engine. The machine was so near the ground it was impossible to turn into the wind, but luckily for all of them the wind was dropping quickly. The ground came nearer and nearer; then, just at the right moment, Finch lifted her nose a trifle and the wheels touched ground. She rushed forward, narrowly missing a clump of gorse which would have wrecked her, ran up a slight slope, and came to rest half-way up.

"Fine, Finch!" exclaimed Tim.

Finch turned, and his face under the helmet was rather pinched.

"I was scared stiff," he confessed. "I thought we should hit the cliff."

"It was jolly good work," said Jack gruffly. "But I say, where are we?"

Finch looked round, then pointed south.

"See that headland—about two miles away? Horn Quay is just below it."

Jack nodded.

"Then Tim and I had better shove along, Finch. We'll send someone to help you with the plane."

Finch frowned.

"What's the hurry? Give me an hour and I can get her running again."

Jack shook his head.

"We haven't an hour to spare. Tim and I can get to the cave in less than half that time."

"I don't see half an hour will make all that difference," grumbled Finch. "And I hate the idea of you kids tackling the job alone."

"Jack's right," put in Tim. "We've got to hurry."

"Why?" Finch demanded. "What difference can an hour make?"

"A lot," said Tim. "There's a fast car gone down the coast road not five minutes ago. Going like smoke. I spotted her from the plane."

"There's probably a car every five minutes," retorted Finch. "You chaps have got Mark on the brain."

"Perhaps we have," said Jack very quietly. "But we have good cause for it, Finch. Let us go, and don't be wild about it."

Finch grinned, but it was rather a rueful grin.

"I seem fated to be out of all the fun. But go ahead, and I'll be with you just as soon as I can fix up this old engine."

TO BE CONTINUED

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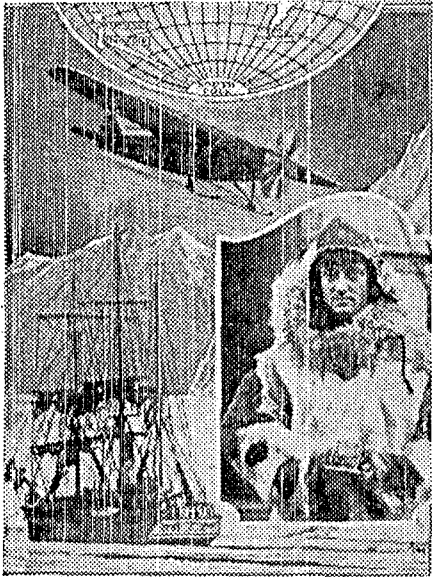
RECIPE

½ lb. Flour. ¼ lb. Shredded 'Atora.' Teaspoonful Baking Powder. Pinch of Salt.

Mix the baking powder and salt with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather, the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but not melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

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MORE WONDERFUL GIFTS from UNCLE ODOL PRIZES FOR MAY

Nearly 400 lucky Boys and Girls have reason to thank Uncle Odol for the wonderful presents he sent for the May Painting Competition. These jolly presents included Boxes of Paints, Tennis Balls, Cameras, Story Books, and other things to give pleasure and entertainment.

HERE ARE THE PRIZEWINNERS

BOYS

Best Painting for the Month—Raymond Coleman.

Harold Woolfenden, Reginald Price, James Milne, Herbert Hill, Eric Southern, Richard Slow, H. Hulton Maurice Olney, Eric Vane, William Ainge, Arthur Isaacs, Frank Dangerfield, E. Lodge, George Finlay, Fred Mycock, Edward Smith, Reginald Findley, Sidney Ross, Ronald Elvey, John Blencoe, Frederick Fox, Peter Mitchell, Freddie Chilvers, Roy Cook, Ronald Bosley, Brian Evans, Stanley Brook, Geoffrey Atkinson, Peter Jones, Kenneth Whitrow, David Dove, Alan Bedford, George Bradfield, Irving Shelley, David Clarke, Jack Lapedus, Eric Fenn, Robert Nicholas, James Rose, Reginald Beecham, Brian Harris, Alfred Anderson, Leigh Wharton, Alexander Bingham, Alfred Holland, Arthur Wensley, R. Sherlock, Charlie Woodhead, George Butcher, Jack Read, Edward Shaul, Noel Turner, Ronald Dance, Donald Sutton, Jack Latus, Billy Galbraith, John Standing, Kenneth Wilkinson, Joe Thompson, John N. Stenton, Arthur Kerton, Joe Lloyd, Leslie Thorpe, Islyn Evans, Alfred Wharton, George Jones, John McCormack, John Greaves, Gerald Lloyd, John Nicholls, Gordon Khan, Daniel Gowan, Arthur Smith, Allan Baycock, Jonas Williamson, Joseph Trunks, Robert Carstairs, James Barton, James Haggart, Ronald Vasey, George Hocking, Arthur Cook, Albert Tuppen, Marshall Lusher, Glanville Daniels, Tom Clayton, Douglas Deaves, Geoffrey Mayne, Eric Kimberley, Charles Millward, Leslie Marshall, John Nolan, Walter Jameson, Geoffrey Schooling, Peter Marks, Keith Wharton, Robert Gattling, Cyril Smith, Albert Broomhead, Vivian Trower, Leslie Robinson, John Harris, Stuart Baker, Lionel Temkin, Harold Peary, John Sullivan, Kenneth Craswell, George Murrill, William Bosley, Edward Richardson, Arthur Perkins, Derrick Webster, Fred Wollich, Fred Bryan, Eric Dent, William Douglas, John Storro, Tony Hewison, George Whitmore, John Birchall, Arnold Shepherd, Alfred Baker, Alfred Winslade, Jack Gillard, Alan Deaves, John Brook, G. King, Leslie Harvey, Cyril Smith, Phillip Bridge, Joseph Stevens, Victor Cowe, Stanley Hellier, Billy Hurford, Stanley Moore, Reggie Cook, John Capp, Charles Walls, Albert Leah, John Slater, John Grant, John Bower, Leslie Schraer, Eric Hall, Donald Beaven, Desmond Sheffield, Alan Ineson, Michael Walshe, Cyril Bower, Francis Burtenshaw, Raymond Bright, J. Archer.

GIRLS

Best painting for the month—Marjorie Tait

Joan Yellowley, G. Riches, Hilda Hopkins, Maureen Hagg, Beryl Cracknell, Jean Balls, Joyce Hopkins, Joyce Wiseman, Lilian Reese, Pamela Mabbett, Beryl Dawbarn, Constance Hunt, Joyce Moss, Ruby Wigg, Marie Petit, Margaret Jacques, Lorna Fielding, Mary Cole, Emily Clay, Pat Connell, Violet Pack, Dorothy Littlewood, Kathleen Starling, Dorothy Bourn, Irene Sedge, Jean Barwell, Helen Birtill, Betty Cowell, Evelyn Hunt, Mary Cummins, Doris Onions, Margery Hall, Molly Brownrigg, Ivy Field, June Le Page, May Lowe, Frances Hawkins, Dorothy Briggs, Noreen Waddle, Kathleen Whittard, Jean Harris, Vera Hall, Vera Hendrie, Gabrielle Lockwood, Jean Tulk, Ada Doswell, Gladys Constant, Jill Bennett, Barbara Barwell, Lucy Fox, Olive Anthony, A. M. Sidwell, Enid Robson, Nancy Beadle, Marjorie Stringer, Elsie Todd, Dorothy Longman, Dorothy Fox, Kathleen Smith, Iris Anderson, Betty Sumner, Nancy McLeod, Mary McLellan, Irene Greaves, Nellie Dale, Jean Fenn, Hilda Mountain, Flora Tripp, Joan Dyson, Honora Burn, R. Daphne Bell, Muriel Smith, Eileen Wedmore, Frances Tomkin, Eileen Craik, Joan Hawkes, Audrey Emery, Margaret McCormack, Nancie Nichols, Ida Rushton, Florence Prett, Jessie Hobson, Amy Andrews, Ruby Tainsh, Joyce Stanton, Olive Hardwick, Audrey Wagg, Marion Abson, Ione Ware, Maureen Flaherty, Marjorie Jerams, Doris Hurford, Kathleen Norman, May Spares, Betty Garrod, Miriam Thorne, Beryl Caplan, Mary Monks, Marjorie Mansergh, Winifred McConville, Elsie Swift, Joyce Holt, Marjorie Bigsby, Amy Brambley, Phyllis Moran, Lily Lock, Kitty Ralph, Marion Gent, Maudie Sharp, Eileen Rich, Irene Miles, Enid Armstrong, Nora Jones, Irene Brothers, Margaret Osborne, Mary Willis, Winnie Boots, Beryl Rendle, Doreen Clark, Eileen Bye, Jennie Boyd, Marjorie Wilkin, Irene Hailer, Regina Rochester, Malita Onions, Rosamond Anstey, Hilda Jackson, Mabel Licence, Irene Marshall, Elsie Le Poidevin, Lilian Cannon, Irene Hayes, Joan Leaterbarrow, F. Muriel Hudson, Betty Wain, Dorrie Gasson, Olive Rogers, Betty Barfit, Joyce Henson, Connie Wright, Betty Simpson, Betty Watts, Betty Boyd, Noreen Mettam, Dorothy Lynes, Alice Galbraith, Irene Peck, Freda Thomas, Gladys Hall, Marjorie Gamble, Irene Tonks, Amy Firth, Jean McLean, Maureen Kavanagh, D. Stokes, Elsie Rattray, Marjorie Dyson, Isobel Willmore, Margaret Slater, Alyson Bradfield, Amy Munro, Gladys Smith, Dorothy Moore, Diana Butt, Evelyn Myers, Betty Jones, Hazel Griffiths, Violet Davis, M. Edmonds, Gladys Richardson, Betty Miller, Elsie Harrop, Irene Taylor, Sybil Broxton, Brenda Broxton, Rachel Symonds, Mollie Kemp, Hazelle Dove, Peggy Brown, Dorothy King, Beryl Lambert, Helene Duffus, Joan Newbery, Joan Gay, Marjorie Elmer, Ann Pegg, Sylvia Gifford, Margaret Davis, Stella Scaman, Sylvia Ross, Kathleen Powell, Sheila Bland, Joan Mucklow, Dorothy Jerams, Jean Dorricott, Bernadette Clempner, Joan Bradfield, Janet Smith, Dorothy Smith, Alma Purchase, Edna George, Josie Spillane, Barbara Hewison, Teresa Hewison, Peggy Howell, Dorothy McLennan, Thora Elmquist, Margaret Daniel, Marion Davies, Joan Grantham, Iris Spencer, Mina Grossman, Elsie Clarke, Nancy Marshall, Elsie Watson, Lilian Collinson, Violet Thomson, Doreen Priday, Joyce Wynne, Joan Tisher, Joan Boughen, Alice Goddard, Dorothy Cole, Nita Keen, Mary O'Sullivan, Alice Patient, Patty Moore, June Bradley, Joan Roper, Betty Eaves, Evelyn Mandoza, Stella Gladman, Jean Ison, Joan Nash, Sybil Woolley, Miriam Kahn, Myrtle Shelton, Mary Wilson, Barbara Garrod, Pamela Strachan, Winnie Davis, Graine Gardner, Winifred Miskark, Marion Jones, Doris Jones, Olive Webster.

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THE BRAN TUB

A Legacy Problem

A MAN left five-twelfths of his money to one son, and half the remainder to the other. The rest was for his widow. If the difference between the legacies left to the sons was £1324 how much did their mother receive?

Answer next week

One-Letter Names

THERE are several towns in different parts of the world that have names of only one letter. In China there is a place called U. There is a town in Normandy called O. O is also a French surname. In Sweden there is the town of A, and a place in Holland is called Y.

The Chicago telephone book begins with a Mr A.

Washington's Headquarters

ONE of the most interesting stamps produced lately by the United States is a 3 cent value issued this year. It commemorates the 150th anniversary of the establishment of George Washington's headquarters at Newburgh, New York State, in 1783.



What Am I?

THOUGH ocean disowns me, I sit on the sea;
I reside in the forest, but not on the tree;
I fly with the breezes, but not with the gale;
And though at the base of a mountain I dwell,
Yet never am I to be found in the vale.
I'm in frost and in snow, but I am not in ice;
In sunshine and summer and spring I rejoice.
Though not in the garden, yet still I repose
In the green summer bowers, on the breast of the rose;
I'm in the past, I'm in present, in base, and sublime,
But not in eternity, neither in time.

Answer next week

Id On Parle Français



Le trottoir pavement Le pigeon pigeon Le pâté pie

Il se promène sur le trottoir.
Le pigeon est perché sur le toit.
Nous mangerons un pâté en croûte.

Next Week in the Countryside

AMONG the plants now coming into blossom are foxglove, woody nightshade, henbane, sweet-briar, meadow crane's-bill, chamomile, and trailing dog-rose. Ivy casts its leaves. The small blue and large skipper butterflies are seen on the wing. The small elephant hawk, tissue, pink underwing, and dagger moths appear. Second broods of redbreasts and redstarts are hatched; young swallows are fledged; the landrail and turtle-dove lay their eggs.

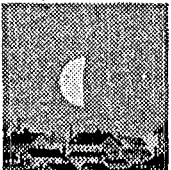
Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for 12 towns. The four weeks up to May 6, 1933, are compared with the corresponding weeks last year.

TOWN	BIRTHS 1933	BIRTHS 1932	DEATHS 1933	DEATHS 1932
London	4907	5568	3637	4118
Glasgow	1805	1912	1073	1254
Liverpool	1301	1522	845	894
Birmingham	1215	1404	811	821
Belfast	738	764	465	469
Edinburgh	549	555	418	454
Newcastle	449	504	238	269
Cardiff	275	308	217	209
Gloucester	79	79	36	46
Luton	68	100	44	42
Cambridge	63	74	57	53
Bath	63	65	75	81

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South-East. In the evening Jupiter and Mars are in the South-West; Venus and Mercury are in the North-West. The picture shows the Moon at 7 a.m. on Wednesday, June 14.



Beheaded Words

MY whole, a useful article, is found in every house. Behead me, I form part of you, Also part of a mouse. Cut off my head again, I'm that Which you would find you'd need If placed within an air-tight place; My friends, to this give heed.

Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

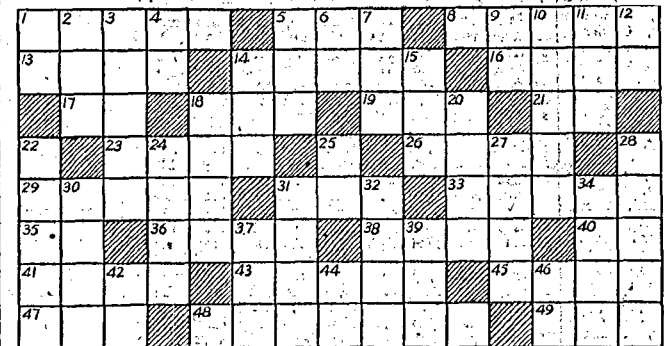
The Stretched Tape-Measure
61½ inches has been called 60 inches; lengths are therefore greater in the ratio of 61½ to 60, or 41 to 40. Areas are therefore greater in the ratio of the squares of these numbers, or 1681 to 1600. The true area is a quarter of 1681—420½ square feet.

Word Changing

Legate, eagle, gale, lag.
A Transposition. Brief, fibre, fire.
Think This Out. 34 inches.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 54 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Rodent. 5. Tatter. 8. Passengers. 13. Take dinner. 14. List. 16. Cat without a tail. 17. Lance-Corporal.* 18. Made of willow. 19. In an atlas. 21. The same (Latin).* 23. Thin. 26. Cushions. 29. Transparent. 31. Juice of plants. 33. Not wanted in a garden. 35. Three-toed South American sloth. 36. Exchange for money. 38. Part of church. 40. April.* 41. Way of reckoning. 43. Bird of prey. 45. Form of procedure. 47. East-South-East.* 48. Gently brilliant. 49. X.

Reading Down. 1. Doctor's degree.* 2. Lubricant. 3. Avuncular relative. 4. South-East.* 5. Rodent. 6. Indefinite article. 7. Precious stone. 9. Part of verb to be. 10. Lift. 11. Final. 12. Sussex.* 14. Cooking vessel. 15. Animal's way of drinking. 18. Naked. 20. Feet of animal with claws. 22. Frighten. 24. Comfort. 25. Exclamation. 27. Ruminant quadruped. 28. Quivering. 30. Blue limestone. 31. Shut with a bang. 32. Faintly coloured. 34. Fruit of a palm. 37. Grass land. 39. Female swan. 42. Tellurium.* 44. Great Britain.* 46. Pronoun.

Dr MERRYMAN

Washing Day

SMITH: I saw your family washing in the yard as I passed by today.

JONES: Sir, I will have you know that my family wash in the bathroom.

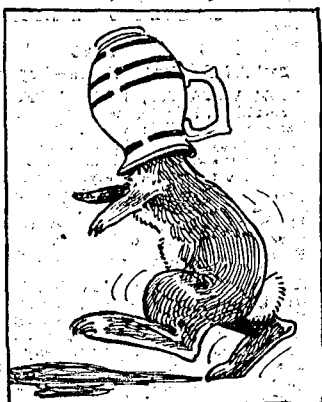
With Vacant Possession

MR. BLACK: My daughter's singing lessons have been a very good business proposition.

MR. WHITE: Has she had some concert engagements?

MR. BLACK: No; I have been able to buy the neighbouring houses very cheaply.

A Sad Story



THERE once was a hare who was trying to drink. Some milk he discovered, and, what do you think? When once he was inside he couldn't get out; So now it's a juggled hare that's rushing about.

Man, Monkey, and Policeman

A MAN was summoned for abusing a policeman, whom, it appeared, he had called a monkey.

"You should not use language of that kind to an officer of the law," said the magistrate.

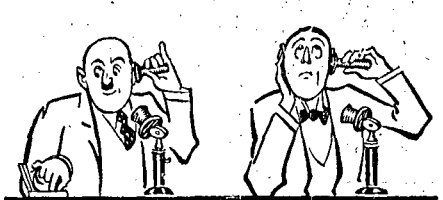
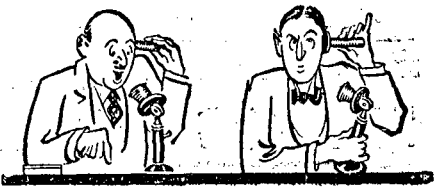
"Do you think it is a libel?" asked the defendant.

"I think it is an insult, and disgraceful," replied the magistrate.

"I am asking for information; I only want to know," said the man. "If I may not call a policeman a monkey, do you think I may call a monkey a policeman?"

"I don't know that that would matter; so far as I know, you may call a monkey anything you like," said the magistrate.

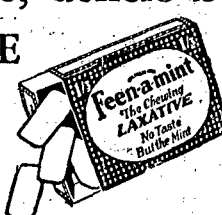
"Thank you, sir," the man replied, and, turning to the officer he had abused, he said, with a bow of mock humility, "How do you do, policeman?"



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TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

PETER had so many toys you would have thought that he could never want another.

For although he was unfortunate in having no brothers or sisters to play with he had lots of uncles and aunts, who never grew tired of sending him lovely and interesting toys.

But no one, strange to say, had ever sent him what he wanted more than anything else in the world. And that was a rocking-horse.

His mother knew how much he longed for one, but, as she said, how could they find room for such a big thing in that tiny place?

For Peter lived in a London flat, and everybody knows that flats are most incon-

venient places to live in, where playrooms for little boys are unheard of.

And then, one day, a



So Peter got his wish

letter came from Uncle Jim inviting Peter to spend a week with his little cousins Tony and Ted, who lived in a pretty house in the country.

Peter was so excited that he could hardly wait for the day to come.

But it came at last; and when the train pulled up at the little country station there were Cousin Tony and Cousin Ted waving to him on the platform.

"We've got a surprise for you," said Tony as they rode along in Uncle Jim's little car.

"It's a present," said Ted.

"From Daddy," said Tony.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Peter. "What is it?"

But they wouldn't say. Peter had to wait till they were home. And then Tony caught hold of one hand and Ted the other and they raced him off to the big garden at the back of the house.

And there, standing proudly

THE ROCKING-HORSE

on the path, was a handsome rocking-horse!

"Daddy's bought it for you," cried Tony and Ted together.

As Peter looked at it a great lump came up in his throat. "But—but I can't have it," he said, his lip trembling; "there's no room."

"Tell him," cried Tony, dancing round excitedly.

"You see," began Ted; "it's a surprise. We are coming to live near you in London."

"There's a big room at the top of the house we are going to," said Tony.

"A playroom," said Ted.

"And," shouted the little boys both together, "you are going to share it with us!"

And that was how Peter got his wish.